

TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION

CERTIFIED SALE



START
buying
your
wireless
NOW
-and have it



installed **FREE!**

FOR 20/- DOWN we will
—Send one of our Engineers to your home in any part of Great Britain
—Instal, demonstrate, and leave playing for you, *free* of all charge
—Our wonderful General Radio two-valve set complete with full-size Loud Speaker, Headphones and all accessories.

The balance is payable in instalments of 20/- a month for twelve months only. Full cash price £12.

NOTHING ELSE TO BUY. The royalty is paid, Dull-Emitter Valves,

Accumulator, Battery, Aerial, *everything* is included. Fully guaranteed. Service calls are also given after purchase.

PERFECT RECEPTION. Powerful and crystal-clear Loud Speaker reception is obtained in all parts of the country. For handsome appearance, great range, and quality of tone it is **EASILY** the world's finest wireless set.

SIMPLICITY. Anyone can work it without the slightest knowledge of wireless. Just push in the plug, turn the dial to the station required and enjoy perfect Loud Speaker reception.

READ WHAT THE PRESS SAYS:

VOLUME—
" . . . provides ample volume of reception in any location."

—Wireless Times.

SIMPLICITY—
" . . . Winning golden opinions for the quality of its reception and simplicity."

—Morning Post.

TESTED—" On test the set answered well—better than other commercial sets tested by its side."—Leeds Mercury.

5.G.B.

The new Daventry alternative programme is received perfectly at Loud Speaker Strength.

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY



GENERAL RADIO
COMPANY, LIMITED

Head Office: Radio House, 235, Regent Street, London, W.1.
Showrooms: 105, Regent Street, London, W.1.

50 MORE £5 5s. CHEQUES TO REGISTERED READERS.

SEE PAGE 2.

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____
To General Radio Co., Ltd.
Radio House, 235, Regent Street, W.1.
Please send me full particulars without obligation.

**JOHN BULL'S
GREAT FREE
INSURANCE
GIFT**

50 More £5-5-0 Cheques to Registered Readers

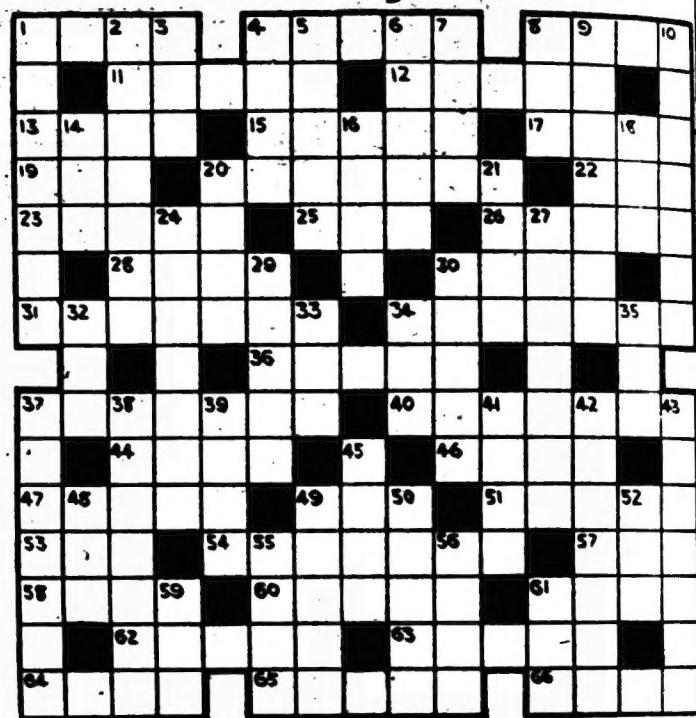
The Readers mentioned below have all received Sickness Benefits amounting to £5 5s. each. "John Bull" also covers its readers against Fire, Flood, Storm, Accident, etc.

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| £5 : 5 Mrs. J. E. KEARNS, 4, Tordoff Avenue, Lidgett Green, Bradford, Yorks. | £5 : 5 Mr. J. H. LEE, Jun., The Stores, Larvin, Nr. Chester. | £5 : 5 Mr. Wm. ANDERSON, 1, Bk. Bethany Gardens, Catchgate, Annfield Plain. |
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| £5 : 5 Mr. W. VALLIS, Labour-in-Vain Inn, High Street, Pontypool, Mon. | | £5 : 5 Mrs. V. MICHESON, 101, Hawthorne Road, Aslington, Northumberland. |

Note that in some instances both husband and wife receive £5 5s each under the above registration.

Our Cross-Word Corner

Now Try This!



CLUES ACROSS

1. Bark of an oak.
4. Platform.
8. Stringed instrument.
11. Rump bone.
12. Fertile spot.
13. To pierce.
15. A watchful person.
17. Measure of duration.
19. The whole.
20. To uncover.
22. A fruit.
23. Regarding.
25. Terminal.

CLUES DOWN

1. Mounted Russian soldier.
2. Clothing.
3. Equipment.
4. To scrutinise.
5. A trio.
6. The melon family.
7. Compass point.
8. Struck.
9. Resembling the ass.
10. Ostensible reason.
14. Play on words.
16. A hand.
18. Slime.
20. One of United States.
21. Stag deer.
24. Religious service.
27. Sisterly.
29. Cut with an axe.
30. Eastern country.
32. Refreshment house.
33. Inclination of the head.
34. Hand measure.
35. Atmosphere.
37. Examine.
38. A small axis.
39. Mere effort of memory.
41. A colour.
42. To attribute.
43. Either end of a ship's yard.
45. Speed.
48. Help.
49. From that time.
50. A wallet.
52. Ever.
55. Discharged a debt.
56. Behind.
59. That.
61. Illuminated.

The solution of our last week's puzzle will be found on page 34

CUT HERE.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL,"
To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name Age

in full. (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address

Reader's Signature

Name and Address of Newsagent

Date

Use 1d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 1d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

CUT HERE.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent)

Address

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature

Address

Date

JOHN BULL Pen Coupon-Value 2/-

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-Filler Pen with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever-Pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons in any number up to five (six in all). ANY DATES may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/8 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket (clip, 1d. extra. Cross cheque/p.o. " & Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine-medium-broad nib required.

JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.



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"More than pleased. Really worth half a guinea." M. W. Hales, 4, Sacaburne Gardens, Lillbury.

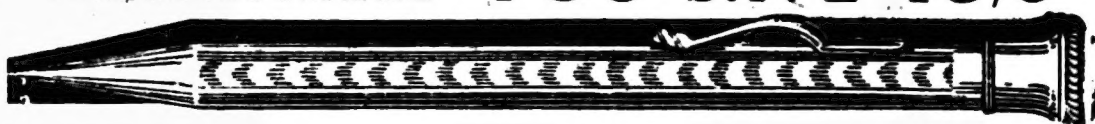
The "John Bull" Pen fitted with 14 ct. Solid Gold Nib iridium tip worth 13/6
2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil with refills FREE

TOTAL VALUE 17/6

You send Six Coupons and 1 P.O. for 4/- (plus 3d. postage and insurance) 4/-

only returned if not entirely satisfied.
Name engraved in Gold on Pen 1d. extra.

YOU SAVE 13/6



**2/6
EVERPOINTED
PENCIL
FREE**

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Rinso



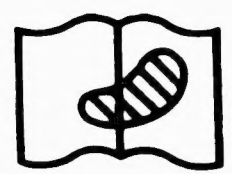
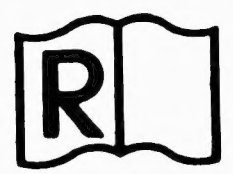
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The beauty of Rinso is that it washes YOUR
way; there are no hard and fast rules that
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WANT to join the Police? Study at home to pass Educational test. — Write, Secretary, Police Correspondence College, New, Surrey.

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WORMS CURED. — Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply of 12 tablets, plus Free Pamphlet. — Bulward Tablet Co., 34-38, Colindale, Derby.

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NEW Life to weary, worn out Nerves. Probyn Nutrient restores health, strength and hot vitality. Send to-day for free trial supply. — B. E. Probyn Laboratories, 116, Farnham Rd., London, S.W.18.

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GLORIOUS HEALTH by natural means. "Vistonic," the great nerve nutrient and digestive, cures nerve troubles, constipation, indigestion, headaches, tiredness, sleeplessness, liver complaints. "Vistonic" makes new men and women. Never fails. Send 3/- (50 tabs), 5/- (100 tabs). Post free. Safe and rapid. — Vistonic Co., 34, Chapter St., Vauxhall Bridge Rd., Ldn., S.W.

READERS' attention is drawn to the advt. of FENES-A-JINT, the wonderful laxative for constipation, and a free sample is offered to readers of John Bull who send a 11d. stamp. See page 21.

BALDNESS CURED. — "ATEKA" GROWS NEW HAIR in 8 days. Stops Hair falling out. Analysed by John Bull. 5/- bot. — Ateka Co., 27, Old Jewry, Ldn., E.C.

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TRIMMELL'S Pills and Powders have cured thousands! Why not you? Send for 64-p. book about herbs and how to use them—2d. post free. — Trimmell, The Herbalist, Richmond Rd., Cardiff.

PERILLAS KISSES. When the holiday flirtation loses its innocence. A real human letter to young people in this week's "Health and Strength." 3d. all newsagents.

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Riches.

The British Empire produces one-quarter of the world's total mineral production. What's wanted is better statesmanship to ensure better distribution to bring prosperity to all.

It's Heartbreaking.

A miner applying to Manchester Guardians had thirteen children and a wife to keep. His wages were just over 19s. for the week. It's silly talking of "bad trade" in the coalfields. What's wrong is plain bad management.

Brains Wanted.

Industry, public services, homes and institutions, all need light, power and warmth. When science provides it there'll be no slack time in the collieries. Conditions are changing everywhere; why expect them to stand still in the coalfields?

"Well Attended."

The "Land and Nation League" has held 1,489 meetings this month, vans are touring the coast from Northumberland to Cornwall and North Wales to East Anglia. To arouse land interest is the first sound step, whatever form the subsequent reform may take.

Land Lost.

Latest returns of the Ministry of Agriculture include 62,000 acres of "rough grazing." More arable, pasture and food-producing acres are what we want. This sort of report suggests we're getting fewer.

Bring Down Prices.

That home-grown fruit and vegetables, direct from producer to consumer, result in profit to both, is a commonplace. By making more use of C.O.D. profiteering could be scotched.

Skilled Farming.

Interested committees are providing twelve scholarships for boys selected in this country to enjoy two years' agricultural training at Guelph College, Ontario. It's a capital idea. Why not follow it with scholarships to train boys for farming in this country?

Parents Growing Better.

Fewer cases of cruelty to children are included in the report of the National Society for prevention, but there are still far too many. In this respect civilisation has nothing to boast of. Even savages protect little children.

We Do Improve.

Drinking parents are on the decline, and that means fewer children in dire distress. When unemployment is abated and wages are good all round there'll be none. We can trust parental love that much.

Britain's Heroes.

Crushed by a fall of rock, supplied with food through a small opening, miner McGuire in Bute Pit, Tanfield, remained cheerful, courageous, for hours while rescuers worked feverishly. He died, smiling. Like his comrades, we are proud of him—but if pits can be made safer, they must be.

Win a "Bullets" Tenner!

You can do a lot with a £10 cheque—we offer twenty-five of these big new prizes on page 35.

Those Holidays!

Whitechapel school children to the number of 6,000 have this year a "divided" holiday to enable them to go hop-picking in the second half. It's all to the good—so long as the kiddies are looked after while in the country.

Improvement Wanted.

Railway carriages are old-fashioned and stuffy. Compared with saloon motor coaches and other types of public vehicles they're archaic. Times, manners, and requirements change. It's a pity railway companies should be so slow to recognise it.

Move Along, Please.

Railway waiting-rooms are the last word in dismalness. There's no need for it. "Classes" in carriages are obnoxious and should be abolished. Tube passengers of all degrees of wealth travel together, and—nobody grumbles.

Flying Scotsman.

Ten new locomotives of the most massive type are being built by the London and North-Eastern Railway. New motive power is wanted, and this supplies it; the building of new-type carriages should run alongside.

Cheap is as Cheap Does.

Four large charabancs going to Hastings were packed. The fare from starting-point was 9s. 6d. return. A train going the same route went empty. The fare was 15s. return!

Flats for—Some.

Fourteen flats for large working-class families have been opened at Tooting. With three bedrooms, they cost 18s. a week, with four £1 2s. 6d., and with five £1 7s. It's good, but not good enough. Such rents leave the real sufferers just "as they were."

Good Business.

London County Council, this autumn, will launch a heavy offensive against slumland. Twenty-two acres will be cleared, £1,000,000 be expended, and hope for 25,000 persons, at present housed in filth, comes into being at last.

How It Will be Done.

Self-contained flats at weekly rentals from 10s. to 15s. are in contemplation. If displaced slum-dwellers cannot afford even that, houses in the neighbourhood will be taken and let in rooms under decent conditions. That is tackling a big problem in a humane way.

Decentralisation.

Better still is the plan to move whole families from the centre of the city to new housing estates in the suburbs. Given transport facilities at prices workers can pay a whole generation of youngsters is bound to benefit.

Record Achievement.

Houses to let at a rental of 4s. 6d., or 7s. including rates, weekly, are the boast of the Urban District Council of Wednesfield near Wolverhampton. That's a figure many a family, at present homeless, could well stand.

Not Rubbish.

Accommodation includes living-room, two bedrooms, scullery and bathroom with hot and cold, and all offices. Housing authorities at their wits' end might go to Wednesfield for advice.

Who'll Succeed?

While Parliamentarians make holiday the man in the street makes speculations as to their probable successors. There's only one candidate possible for Conservative leadership if Mr. Baldwin falls out. Watch Sir Austen Chamberlain!

He's Done Well.

Even the Opposition speak of Mr. Neville Chamberlain as "the ablest administrator of the present Government." But that does not mean he will be chosen for leadership. Even a man's own friends sometimes flight shy of brilliance.

Work for Austen.

Sir Austen Chamberlain got his K.G. and a lot of kudos for the peace policy of Locarno. But the time has come for him to make another strong effort to pull Europe together. This month's League meeting will be fateful.

The Real Point.

At Locarno, France and Germany recognised that the true interest of both countries and of all countries lies in the restoration of good will. The issue is still a simple one—it is between peace and war.

The Old Game.

One test question is a further reduction in the Armies of Occupation in the Rhineland. To Poincaré's mind, the longer the French remain comfortably dug in there the better. The weary game of diplomacy can find pretexts for anything.

Beware the Net.

When Poincaré springs a claim to have the frontier of Poland accepted and guaranteed like the Franco-German frontier, Sir Austen's duty is perfectly plain. Britain will not entangle herself.

One More Chance.

With one or two exceptions the record of the Government must be dubbed dull failure to seize opportunity. Even now the position might be retrieved if Mr. Baldwin had the courage to call a special session to deal with unemployment.

The Tragic Host.

On August 15 the total number of persons on employment exchange registers was 1,022,100, being 558,420 less than a year before. Thousands more for Poor Law Relief is the explanation.

Children's Hearts.

No child should live in a damp house nor wear leaky boots, says Dr. Saleeby. Shoes can be mended but heart-valves cannot. The dictum adds another terror to unemployment.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL**Serve Him Right.**

Dirty, yellow, black, and green was the beef Egerton Murray had for sale on his stall in the Birkenhead Market Hall. Probably his own colour changed when, by order of the magistrates, he had to pay £20. When punishment is fittingly applied sellers of dangerous foods will be black and blue when they pass from the halls of justice.

Man-destroying Sharks.

Certain at his inability to raise payment on a loan of £48 drove Francis Penrose, stationmaster of Kirkham Abbey, to drown himself. He is not the first whom the grip of moneylenders has forced to suicide nor will he be the last unless more stringent laws govern the activities of these sharks.

Better than the "Dole."

Between twenty and thirty unemployed Radcliffe weavers have refused work at Walkden, eight miles away, because of transport difficulties, and are to draw unemployment benefit in consequence. Far better had some of the money been spent in providing a conveyance.

Blindness No Bar.

Not only did a blind boy accompany a party of boy scouts, walking from Southampton to Plymouth, but fourteen pairs of boots and shoes have been repaired by him during the trip. What a tribute to those who have achieved the task of making a blind lad not feel out of things.

Cherry Ripe!

After being in business thirty years it was a mistake for Thomas William Wright, of Norwich, to attempt to conceal a tray of cherries declared by inspectors to be unfit for sale. A fine of £3 will rankle, no doubt, as a salutary reminder that over ripe sodden fruit must not be offered for sale.

Children's Paradise.

Croydon kiddies not able to go to the seaside have a happy hunting-ground in their own free library, where even the little ones are encouraged to read by the "story hours" in which some of the delights of books are described to them. The roll of 11,329 young borrowers is proof that this scheme ought not to be restricted to Croydon.

Self-sacrifice.

Aged sixty-seven, Brigadier-General Noble Fleming Jenkins, C.M.G., C.B.E., gallantly plunged to the rescue of a young woman and her father drowning at St. Leonards-on-Sea. It was too late, but the attempt was plucky indeed, and only age beat him. The General succumbed to exhaustion, and died, ending a career full of honour on the still nobler note of complete self-sacrifice.

Help Needed.

The bogey of unemployment has so threatened the resources of Cyril Ramsden, a Mansfield miner, that he and his wife have been severely cautioned by the Bench for neglecting their three children. But it requires more than magisterial leniency in so dismissing the case, if the kiddies are to be clothed and fed. Cannot the guardians do something for them?

A Cheery Chap.

Mr. George Robinson, of the little coffee-stall beneath the girders of Liverpool's overhead railway, is better known as "Tom Merry, the dock-side poet." A title and a name he well deserves. For though his environment is a handicap to poetic inspiration he daily serves up some new lines to cheer the outlook of the many who pass by. May he carry on.

Brave Bobby.

To save a man from attempting to drown himself, Frederick Stone struggled for twenty minutes in the Thames, and Joseph Bull descended a man-hole in Southwark to rescue a Post Office employee overcome by fumes. Everyone will agree that Sir Chartres Biron had an enviable task in handing £10 cheques to these metropolitan police force heroes of river and sewer.

Traveller's Folly.

The foolhardiness of offering a ten-shilling note as a bribe to a ticket collector when stopped for travelling with an expired season ticket, must now be apparent to W. P. Fletcher, of Tottenham. The £3 1s. he has had to pay in fine and costs is a tangible reminder that it is merely asking for trouble to attempt to buy off an official who is discharging his duty.

Inhuman Punishment.

If poor and an outcast the way of the transgressor is hard if offending in the neighbourhood of Ramsgate. A helpless, homeless man charged with sleeping out "without visible means of subsistence," although having no previous conviction, received the inhuman sentence of fourteen days' hard labour. Some sympathy may well be felt for the kind of intelligence which could prompt such a sentence.

Postman's Record.

The handling of millions of letters, and the walking of thousands of miles in rural areas has been the achievement of Mr. Edward Jarman. It is further to the credit of this Taunton postman that never once has he been concerned in the misdelivery of a letter. The imperial service medal is a well-deserved comment on his fifty years of such accurate service.

Down and Out.

What a comment on our social system that a couple of men, wet, hungry, and with nowhere to sleep should break through a jeweller's window for the pleasure of being sent to jail! As Arthur Field and John Ross both had previous convictions they were sentenced at Norwich to three months' imprisonment. But the granting of their wish is by no means the best thing for them or the nation. They should be found work.

The Human Machine

Own Up

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

NEVER be afraid to admit a mistake. Never be ashamed to say straight out, "I was wrong."

To own that you were wrong is merely another way of saying that you are wiser to-day than you were yesterday.

There was never a man yet born who was so clever that he never made a mistake.

Even the cleverest makes a slip every now and again; and why not admit it frankly and cheerfully?

All progress is largely the result of learning from past mistakes, learning how to avoid them in the future.

If nobody ever admitted that a thing could be better done than it had been done previously, it would be a sorry look-out for the world!

So many people think it is beneath their dignity to admit to a mistake.

Poor little minds! It never occurs to them that the bigger the man the more ready and willing he is to admit error.

IT is always the "little people" who stand on their dignity and defy creation to prove them wrong—never the big minds, the great men.

Did not Emerson say that a foolish consistency was the hobgoblin of little minds?

Only a man who is blinded by the glory of his own self-conceit can stick, without a blush, to a point of view or a course of action that he knows very well to be wrong.

Unwillingness to admit a mistake is either selfish self-esteem, overbearing pride or sheer cowardice.

And I don't know that there's much difference. They're all hall-marks of the little mind.

The Callous Limit

To march up and down, playing the Dead March on a tin whistle in the room where his wife lay dying, promising to play it at her funeral, was Archibald Gough's idea of humour. Sent to prison for three months for neglecting his children, and two months for theft, we don't doubt that Newcastle magistrates remembered his musical efforts when sentencing him. For ourselves we hope they will re-echo in his own ears until shame awakes the thing he calls his conscience.

"In Mistake."

"No negligence attributed to anyone" is the substance of a report by the Guildford Guardians' committee which investigated the deaths of two women in the infirmary who were given lobelia powder in error for liquorice powder. We agree with Mr. P. T. Fairbrother, the Guardian who considers the report entirely unsatisfactory. That another woman in the infirmary has cut her throat is also unsatisfactory. The Home Office itself should demand a thorough investigation.

Civilisation's Disgrace.

At the inquest on the nine-weeks-old baby of James Guest, a bricklayer's labourer of Shambles Street, Barnsley, it was revealed that the man, wife, and seven children lived in one room for which they pay 12s. 6d. a week, six children in one bed, and the rest of the family in the other. It killed the baby, and there is no doubt that such awful conditions will kill our last pretence of being a Christian country—unless they are very speedily altered.

Brutal Stepfather.

That her stepfather's knock on her bedroom door should have frightened the life out of a girl of twelve, is the pitiful truth of Edna Cotterell of Hereford. Fearing another assault from the brute John Burnett Young, she threw pillows to break her fall, and jumped out of the window. Young has been sent to four months' hard labour. Richly deserved the sentence may be but it cannot cure the child of her injuries that may, it is feared, become tubercular.

Not Enough Sleep.

We hope the employers of Benjamin Smith, of Quarry Bank, fined £10 for negligent driving of a charabanc by which one woman was killed and others injured, are taking notice of the magistrate's remark that he was satisfied Smith did not get proper sleep. Engine drivers are not permitted to be eight hours at the throttle, go to bed at 3 a.m. and start off at 6 a.m. for another eight-hour trip. Charabanc and lorry drivers should have similar consideration.

Hair Snatcher's Trouble.

"The safest place for you is prison," said Alderman Sir John Knill at Mansion House, in sentencing John David Hamilton, barman, to six months' hard labour for cutting off a girl's hair in an omnibus. Hamilton has had six similar convictions since 1921. We agree emphatically with the Harley Street specialist who says he requires not prison but mental treatment.

Shylock—the Middleman.

A director of a big weaving firm states that he has seen material which they sold for 1s. 7d. per yard priced at 12s. 8d. No wonder that the big concerns, led by Messrs. Tootal, Broadhurst, Lee and Co., are considering a scheme for wiping out middlemen's profits by dealing direct with retailers. Unless manufacturers take a firm stand they will find business grow less and less, with bankruptcy in the offing.

Uncontrollable Temper.

It passes comprehension that Albert Edward Hemming—a widower who professes a desire to bring up his children properly—should consider it necessary to use filthy language and to strike Lillian, his little girl, so severely that an X-ray examination revealed a broken collar-bone, bruises on shoulder and neck, and the mark of a blow on her face. The Bench fined Hemming £2. We do not admire the Bench.

A Sad Story.

To live entirely on the proceeds of thefts from women is the shameful claim concerning Reuben Fisher, a tailor, accused at Marylebone of stealing a note case from a woman's pocket. Fisher has twenty-three similar convictions. Cannot he reflect in the four months' hard labour he is to undergo that it is more enviable to be paid for making pockets than to pick them?

None are so Blind—

"I do not believe that in a year you would meet more than a handful of thoroughly healthy, happy, and mentally alert people." These are the words of Mr. A. Barrat Brown, and for puffing nonsense they would be difficult to match. Our streets are packed with laughing girls and care-free youths, and the gentle faces of sweet-natured women, the placid countenances of middle-aged men, are to be seen on every side. Mr. Brown is not the first who has sought cheap notoriety by deliberately flying in the face of truth.

Gilbertian Law.

Living with first one man and then another, Elizabeth Annie Harris, a young woman of thirty-one, with a baby in arms, has been sentenced at Lambeth to three months' hard labour for deserting her children. Besides the infant she has three who altogether have cost the ratepayer £600. Nor will hard labour repay it. Such women should be made to work at remunerative jobs and repay what they owe: and the men, who help to bring such children into the world should be made to face up to their responsibilities.

Light at Last.

The Ministry of Health is contemplating the building of a scientifically-equipped garden city for mental defectives on the site of the Shenley Aerodrome and Porters Park Estate, Middlesex. Over 100 separate buildings are projected, including villas, cottages, pavilions for children, a school and a recreation hall, and the grading of inmates on logical lines is to be aimed at. As we have consistently advocated such a scheme, perhaps we may be forgiven for taking a little of the credit for the innovation.

Kindness Without Fuss.

A resident of Latimer Road, Mr. A. G. Bryan, pays a warm tribute to the London busman for his kindness to the kiddies. "The men make no fuss," he writes. "Parents are simply told to take their children to a certain meeting-place, where paper hats and toys are distributed. Then they go off for an outing. We are very grateful." As these treats are of frequent occurrence, and must cost quite a decent sum; and as the pay of busmen is on anything but a princely scale, the unselfish charity of these fine fellows needs no stressing here.

Happy Ending.

The terror of want that haunts the unmarried mother has been dispersed in the case of Hilda Moore, a young domestic servant charged at London Mansion House with abandoning her baby in a railway carriage. Possessed of an excellent character this poor girl had paid 12s. 6d. a week out of a wage of 18s. for the maintenance of her child, then became nervous lest her mistress should know of its existence and dismiss her. Friends have come forward, and Miss Moore and her baby are safe. We hope the father of the infant, wherever he may be, will feel a miserable pricking of his conscience.

A Wonderful Feat.

Great emergencies bring out great courage. At Flamborough Head a young man cut off by the tide attempted to climb a rock rising a hundred feet above the sea. He tried to reach the top, but was still cut off. Fishermen and coastguards brought rocket apparatus and carried a life-line round the rock, one end was pulled, and the man swung into space. The least miscalculation would have dashed him to death but he was hauled to the face of the cliff and then safe to the top. It is the sort of achievement that makes the heart thrill.

Mother Warned.

Knowing that her son, Herbert William King, had given her a clock, silver teaspoons, linen and a silver bangle which he had stolen from his employer, Mr. Oswald Daniel Hittor, Mrs. Emma Louisa Barker was content to keep them till asked for them by the Norwich police. Now that her boy has been sent to Borstal for three years' treatment, and she herself bound over for two years, will she not take a lesson and keep honest both for his sake and her own?

Wanted—A Thief with a Conscience.

Amongst the most treasured possessions of Joseph Capon, the veteran walker, was a gold medal presented to him by fellow workers at the Woolwich Arsenal. This prize, together with other personal belongings, was torn from him by a confidence trickster at the Oval cricket ground the other week, and the old man is naturally heart-broken at his loss. If the thief has any conscience at all he will at least repent for having taken advantage of such an aged victim and restore the trophy which carries such personal sentimental value.

A Case for Caution.

A Headington reader, who holds some Ottoman, Servian and other foreign bonds, has just been favoured with a circular from "Macadam Smith Co., dealers in Government Bonds," Brussels. The circular instructs him in authoritative tones to forward his bonds and securities "for thorough examination and report." Any of our readers who have been similarly favoured should make diligent enquiries before sending their actual securities to any firm abroad.

New Move—Old Methods.

Complaints of non-settlement reach us regarding a commission agent named Harry Offwood, of Portsdown Road, Maida Vale, W.9. As this appears to be the same person who was connected with the business of Offwood Bros., conducted from Heddon Street, W., we cannot hold out any great hopes of satisfactory treatment. For exactly the same thing happened then; clients were constantly complaining that they could not obtain settlement of their winnings and letters were frequently ignored. It is to be regretted that a change of address has not apparently brought new methods.

Hart Spratt's Humbug.

An interesting letter reaches us from a London electrical company, confirming the rogues of Hart Spratt, whom we dealt with a couple of weeks ago under the heading "A Bogus Millionaire," who fleeced numerous dupes of their life's savings. The firm had the unfortunate experience of supplying Spratt with illuminated signs to the value of £1,000—unfortunate because their account has not been settled to this day. Spratt's impudence is shown by the fact that before his inability to pay was discovered he succeeded in raising a cash loan of £5 from one of the firm's officials, whom he visited at his hotel! Spratt is certainly a fishy customer!

Curious Collections.

A smartly dressed lady has recently been selling penny pamphlets from door to door in the Walthamstow district on the pretext that the money was "for the babies." The pamphlet, which is issued by the British Workers' Health Reform, bears the amazing admission that the organisation has no bankers "as the whole of the funds are expended on lectures, doctor, solicitor (if required), printers, canvassers, and general expenses." There are plenty of officially recognised bodies doing excellent work for the little ones, who dispense something more tangible than lectures and pamphlets. Donations should, therefore, be made with discrimination.

50 more £5 5s. Cheques
to Registered Readers
SEE PAGE 2

Problems of Life

The Golden Morrow

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

DISTINGUISHED scientists are promising us some wonderful things in the not remote future.

Already the beam wireless system is linking up the whole world so successfully that before long we shall be talking as easily to Melbourne or San Francisco by telephone as we do now to our next door neighbour.



Rev. R. J. Campbell, D.D.

The next to follow is television. We shall be able to ring up a friend in any corner of the earth, and not only hear his voice, but see his face at the same time.

Think what that will mean to a mother who has had to see her boys leave home to push their fortunes overseas.

Separation will not be so hard to bear if it be possible to meet in this marvellous way every now and then, and hear all about one another's doings.

NOW comes the most astonishing announcement of all. When the latent energy of the atom has been released and harnessed we are to have abundance of leisure, luxury, and enjoyment with comparatively little necessity for work.

Within fifty years, says one scientific prophet, we shall be able to travel from London to Edinburgh at a cost of no more than a halfpenny, and it will be possible to light the whole of London for a penny.

Will this be a good thing or a bad? If men could only be trusted to use wealth and leisure well, I should say that escape from dreary routine and monotonous drudgery would be a blessing.

Otherwise we shall be none the better for the new facilities placed in our hands.

An American writer, Booth Tarkington, says, the three best things in life are work, laughter, and faith.

There is no more clamant problem confronting civilisation to-day than that of providing regular and healthful occupation for the energies of all the members of the body politic, both male and female.

At present, just as with the traffic problem, the more complex society becomes the more we tend to get in each other's way.

CAN we straighten out this tangle as we increase our grip on Nature's inexhaustible resources?

It is comforting to know on the authority of so eminent a man as Professor J. Arthur Thomson that we probably can.

But if so we must keep Booth Tarkington's dictum in mind. Leisure is not to be idleness, but opportunity for finer living.

Laughter is for mutual love and cheer, not for folly; for the laughter of fools, said the wise man of old, is like the crackling of thorns under a pot.

Faith is the best of all, for it implies a serene confidence in life and in our ability to live it well.

BIG FRIENDLY SOCIETY CRASH

OFFICIALS' SALARY MYSTERY

Members' Melted Money

WILD cat schemes of a band of railwaymen have resulted in 32,000 people—workers on the Southern Railway, and their wives—losing very large sums of money, and the full facts should be made public at once.

In 1923 the Southern Railway Employees Provident, Distress and Death Levy Society was inaugurated with considerable optimism, but it was doomed to failure through lack of business ability on the part of the management committee.

However, at that time, the scheme was welcomed with open arms by the railway employees when they learnt that provision would be made on a generous scale in the event of death, while wives were also to be insured under the scheme.

The premiums were absurdly low. Sixpence a week would cover a member for £100, while an extra fourpence *per annum* would cover his wife for £75. Collectors, too, were to retain 5 per cent. of the premiums they roped in.

Blunder upon blunder

There is little doubt that the low rates were largely responsible for the failure of the venture, though the management committee must answer for blunder upon blunder which has now landed the society's affairs in Queer Street.

From the very outset those in control were guilty of a very grave omission which was never rectified. The Society was not registered with the Registrar of Friendly Societies nor was he furnished with balance sheets at the end of each year as required by law.

Mr. W. Botting, who was employed at Victoria Station, was appointed secretary, and Mr. W. Whiffen was assistant secretary. Their salaries were to be £8 per week and £6 10s. per week respectively, and under the agreement with the Society they were entitled to five years salary should the Society at any time be dissolved—a most extraordinary arrangement.

Trouble began when the Society started accepting members indiscriminately. Whether a man was almost on the point of retiring, or whether he was in ill-health apparently made no difference. All he had to do was to signify his willingness to join and his membership was an accomplished fact.

Wholesale surrenders

Men on leaving the company's service at the age of 65 were given a point of £60, and in many instances such men had been allowed to join the Society only a short time before.

The Society purchased a freehold building in Lambeth and a staff was installed there.

Then suddenly there were tremendous demands on the resources of the Society and it became necessary to increase the subscriptions to a shilling a week.

In presenting the report and balance

sheet for last year it was announced "with pleasure" that the Society had emerged from a year beset with unprecedented difficulties in "a highly-satisfactory manner."

But this optimistic view was not apparently shared by members, for rumours began to be circulated re-



Mr. G. Stuart Robertson, K.C., Registrar of Friendly Societies, whose Department will no doubt be looking into the affairs of this Society

garding the stability of the Society. And at the beginning of this year there was a wholesale resignation of members.

Anything but satisfactory

The position thus became critical. The Society embraced the whole of the Southern Railway area and delegates were appointed from each district. In July the delegates realised that the Society was insolvent and a special meeting was convened forthwith in order to consider the position.

Drastic remedies were suggested, but matters had by that time become so hopeless and muddled that on August 7 it was decided to wind up the organisation altogether.

Mr. Moody, a Battersea railway man had, prior to that date, put in a claim for £70, to which he was entitled upon retirement from the service. This claim was not satisfied, and on pressing for payment he was told that no funds were available.

Investigation revealed the fact that the balance at the beginning of the year had been approximately £18,000, while at the beginning of 1926 it had been over £39,000.

With such figures before us (and they are taken from the actual balance sheets) it is difficult to see how the officials could honestly pride themselves upon having come through 1926 in "a highly satisfactory manner."

A further peep at the balance sheet shows that in 1926 no less than £53,450 odd was collected from members in the form of levies, all of which was swallowed up in claims and ex-

penses in addition to the money mentioned above.

It is scandalous, to say the least, that a Society with such extensive ramifications, boasting a huge membership and handling immense sums of money, should not be registered in the usual way.

A rude awakening

The filing of balance sheets and reports of such bodies as the Southern Railway Provident Society with the Registrar of Friendly Societies is no mere formality. Its purpose is to ensure, in the interests of the public and of the members, a proper supervision of the finances by experienced and responsible officials.

And it is still more scandalous that the society should not have its affairs under better control, for it should be perfectly obvious to any one that it is impossible to obtain a generous scale of grants out of all proportion to the subscriptions received.

The position as it now stands is that thousands of men and their wives have paid in money regularly for four years and are now faced with a very grave doubt as to whether they will ever derive any advantage from their thrift.

Their anger is not diminished by the fact that the Secretary and Assistant Secretary have paid themselves out of the depleted funds the five years' salary which they claimed under their agreement.

It is safe to say that most of these people imagined that their faith in the Society was well founded and that they would be secure in their old age and that on their decease their dependants would be provided with some benefit.

But there has been a rude awakening and it is hardly necessary to comment upon the general bitterness that is felt at the way in which this titanic organisation has collapsed.

Some one must pay!

How much money is left? How much was in hand before the officials mentioned ensured that they would get five years salary as compensation for losing a job which had lasted only four years, and which they had done very badly?

Surely this is a case which merits official intervention and a very careful inquiry into all the attendant circumstances?

The existence of this Society must have been known to the Government department concerned, and it is difficult to understand how it came to be overlooked or why the usual formalities were not enforced.

After all, an organisation which boasts 19,050 male members and 13,000 female members is not so insignificant as not to require proper supervision, and it is not surprising to learn that these members are now demanding drastic action against those individuals responsible for the bungling which has ended so disastrously for all concerned.

The Shirkers Score

A Worker Penalised

A LAMENTABLE state of affairs is revealed in the following story of a fifty-eight-year-old worker, who, through no fault of his own, is debarred from participating in any unemployment benefit.

The scandal is heightened by the fact that a less worthy man might draw the dole with impunity. Mr. Ernest Hart, the subject of our story, is a man who dislikes being idle. His greatest failing is that he will take up any honest employment rather than stand about doing nothing on the off-chance of something else turning up.

Whilst employed as a bricklayer in 1888, Hart fell from a scaffolding and so injured his right leg that he has been a cripple ever since.

His accident occurred before the days of workmen's compensation, but Hart was of a stout, independent nature and limped his way through life with a dogged determination.

Sheer injustice

The labour market is crowded enough in ordinary circumstances, and when one is crippled in the leg the disadvantages assume appalling proportions. But Hart contrived to get jobs here and there.

For some time he was employed as a labourer and he continued in this employment until the work on which he and others were engaged was finally completed. He was then paid off and automatically registered with the Weybridge Labour Exchange.

After some months of fruitless endeavour he secured casual work on a farm at Laleham, and after this he secured a further job on a farm at Egham.

When the latter work terminated Hart looked in vain for another berth, and when he applied to the Labour Exchange for unemployment benefit he was informed that he was ineligible as he had not been engaged latterly in insurable employment!

In other words, by taking what employment he could get as it came along, this stout old cripple had penalised himself in a drastic manner.

Had he remained idle after leaving insurable employment he could have gone on drawing the dole. As it was his very virtue was made to count against him!

We are pleased that Hart was received with a more rational and more humane attitude when, in his extremity, he applied to the Chertsey Guardians for relief.

After the law!

They expressed their sympathy and respect in concrete form by finding employment for the old man at Cottersham workhouse, where the master has nothing but praise for his industry.

As one of the Guardians declared, there is something manifestly unfair about the whole case. It is abominable that a man who will work when he can should be penalised for his industry, and we hope the authorities will see that their regulations are modified to remove this unfair ruling.

"SPOTTING THE JOCKEY" FRAUD

COMPETITION CROOKS' ASTOUNDING RAMP

The Secret Woman

WRITING from a well-known hotel in the heart of London, a gentleman recently applied to a firm of estate agents in East Ham for an office somewhere in the latter locality.

He gave certain references which appeared to be quite in order, and eventually obtained an agreement under which he was to rent an office at Wordsworth Chambers, Manor Park, London, E.12.

From the moment the agreement was signed the gentleman in question, who gave his name as Walter Braham, commenced advertising very extensively in the press.

It appears that he had found a new way of making money quickly upon the turf—not by spotting the gee-gees, but by spotting the jockeys who rode them.

He got to know of the jockeys who were to ride the winning mounts, and, by means of a special method, he could impart this valuable information to lucky clients almost at once.

Winners—and losers!

Agents were appointed far and wide to sell his "Tatts Telegrams" of "exclusive information" at 4d. a time, and every purchaser was automatically entitled to participate in a competition for which tempting cash prizes were offered.

In inducing new agents to act on his behalf, Mr. Braham sent out circulars which painted the scheme in the rosiest of rosy colours.

"A valuable agency is offered you," the circulars announced in conspicuous type, and agents were assured of "a regular additional income."

These pleasant promises, however,

were not borne out in the experience of several people who took up agencies. A gentleman of Ellesmere Port claimed a £10 prize, but he did not get it.

Nor did another gentleman from Wallsend, who won a similar prize.

A Liverpool reader, too, received a claim from a client for a £30 prize, but when he forwarded the claim to Mr. Braham by registered post the matter ended. Mr. Braham was silent.

Fears well justified

The experience of a Sunderland agent was different in that Mr. Braham acknowledged his liability in respect of a £10 prize but excused himself as temporarily unable to meet same.

He made an offer of an immediate payment of £2 down and the balance within 28 days, but when the agent wrote to say that this would be satisfactory his letter was simply ignored.

But though the agents for the most part heard nothing, the landlords of the Wordsworth Chambers did. They received a complaint from Messrs. R. Clifton (Estates), Ltd., the tenants of an adjoining office regarding the activities of Walter Braham and Co.

Apparently the latter's office was of a ghostly character. There seemed to be no furniture in it at all, and no one ever came there to work at any time during the day.

Being suspicious that all was not quite well the neighbouring tenants kept a sharp look out, and it was noticed their first fears were justified.

The office of Braham and Co. was left deserted and no business whatever was conducted there! But each

morning, shortly after the postman called, a young lady was seen to appear and to carry away the day's mail, which was very often surprisingly large.

In the space of a few days a tremendous number of letters had arrived, many of them being registered. But the same routine was observed. The young lady simply gathered up the entire correspondence and carried it away with her to some place unknown.

Then, after a time, the young lady failed to put in an appearance; but the postman still brought numerous letters, and it transpired on investigation that they were complaints from people who had won, or who claimed to have won, some of the attractive cash prizes offered under Braham and Company's Jockey scheme.

Personal callers then began to seek out the premises and to knock forlornly at the door of the ghostly office. One enquirer even came up all the way from Ramsgate without avail, while other disappointed "prize-winners" came from various outlying districts.

The missing Mr. Braham

Meanwhile letters were also pouring in daily with no one to call for them. In the end these were taken over by the police, who passed them to the postal authorities to be returned to the unfortunate senders marked "Gone away."

In this way the fortune spinning firm of Walter Braham and Company simply passed into obscurity and there, for the moment, the story ends. Even the landlords of the premises which were let but never occupied



Lord Lonsdale, one of the executive members of the Jockey Club, whose attention was drawn to this important swindle

have been unable to obtain their rent. The missing Mr. Braham has certainly indulged in a pleasant little pastime in collecting letters containing money from a rent-free office, and he has covered up his tracks with remarkable skill.

Even the hotel whose notepaper he used when making application for his Manor Park office has no knowledge of Mr. Walter Braham, for no one of that name can be traced as having stayed there during the past few months.

Yet the sorry fact remains that the organised efforts of this individual have claimed countless dupes in almost every part of the country, and, difficult as is their task, we hope the police will make a spirited endeavour to locate Mr. Braham without delay. He is much too dangerous to be at large.

A DOCTOR IN BAD COMPANY

WHO'S HIS BUSINESS FRIEND?

APARENTLY we have made a "big mistake." Doctor E. W. Wynne, M.B.A., D.Sc., D.Litt., F.R.Sc., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.C.S., F.A.C.S., and F.S.S.A., to say nothing of countless other distinctions—says so, and declares that he will prove it in his own way.

Our "mistake" was the publication of a few facts relating to Dr. Wynne's somewhat unusual activities with regard to certain investments, which were nothing if not optimistic.

One offer, for instance, promised a return profit amounting to 500 per cent. in six months, while another was to yield £1,200 on an investment of £300 in the very first year!



Dr. Wynne

In a "reply" to what he termed our "contemptible article," the doctor explained that he had consulted his solicitor and had been informed that it would require £500 "even to start an action," and so he had decided not to waste his time and money.

Our "Mistake"!

We would remind him, however, that a writ can be issued for 30s., while £15 15s. or so would be ample to have the case set down for trial.

Of course, should he desire to brief eminent counsel that might well cost £500, but in the event of our "mistake" being proved all costs would fall upon us.

Besides, Doctor Wynne is a man who talks in millions. Why, he anticipates that one of his projects will eventually bring in royalties amounting to £2,000,000!

However, Doctor Wynne asserts that the best business man he knows in London is at present completing arrangements for the starting of a company which will eventually show us our "big mistake."

Who is the doctor's London friend? Can it be (heaven forbid!) that interesting figure in the world of high falutin' finance—Mr. Henry Allen Ashton, of the London Financial Service?

That we cannot say, but at any rate there are indications that these two men of millions have been brought together in the whirligig of life. Though Doctor Wynne works from Liverpool and Egremont, there would appear to be an interesting link between him and the Fleet Street financier.

O Henry!

In the register of new companies is to be found a reference to a concern known as the Preliminary Expenses Underwriting Trust, Ltd., of Sentinel House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

It was registered in July last "To provide, underwrite, or guarantee the expenses, preliminary and incidental, to the formation of limited liability companies" with a nominal capital of £5,000 in £1 shares.

Two directors are given. One is Doctor Wynne, while the other is Mr. Henry Allen Ashton!

Are these fellow directors aware that, though distance divide them, they share the common distinction of having figured in these columns?

What a game!

Mr. Henry Allen Ashton is not given to making a display of distinctions as is Dr. Wynne, or he might well have placed the letters M.T.M.J.B. after his name—"Many times mentioned in JOHN BULL."

Now the dear doctor claims to be "a well-known Wallasey public man" and it is distressing to find him associating with such a shady financial figure as Ashton.

Is he aware of Ashton's true character? Or does he believe that he is linking his own remarkable powers with a great financial force?

Whatever the answer we cannot but feel that in this instance Doctor Wynne has himself made a "big mistake."

A FUNNY BUSINESS

THE POTTERY TOTTER

Cooper Scoops the Pool

IF, in order to obtain employment, a man is first asked to invest money, the wisest course is to look for another job! For in nine cases out of ten it's a trap!

WHEN a Walsall reader answered an advertisement for a commercial traveller he got into touch with a person named John Cooper, of 4, Butler Street, Stoke-on-Trent.

The latter offered to employ him at a salary of £2 10s. per week, plus £2 10s. for expenses, and commission at the rate of 5 per cent. on all sales. A motor-car would be placed at his disposal and a full range of samples supplied on condition that £20 was deposited by way of premium.

So attracted was he by the prospects that he immediately threw up a good position as manager of some showrooms in Birmingham and paid his £20 deposit on the nail.

A stony silence

He commenced his new duties without any delay, being furnished with a motor-car and samples in accordance with the promised terms.

Before many days had passed, however, his employer intimated that the car, which was in poor condition, would be replaced by a better one.

The traveller accordingly returned his vehicle, and from that day to this it has not been replaced and he has been unable to obtain any satisfaction whatever. Any letters on the subject have simply been ignored.

But while he has heard nothing from Mr. Cooper he has heard of him and the information he has gleaned has been anything but reassuring.

He has learned, for instance, that he is not the only person who has been engaged by Cooper in similar circumstances and disappointed in the same way.

A young ex-soldier residing at Cannock, who has a wife and family to support, jumped at the offer and paid a deposit in order to secure what he believed would be congenial and profitable employment.

He was provided with a rickety old Ford car, and in his first week incurred considerable expense in the way of garage charges. He did not meet with any success, and he too was eventually persuaded to return his car, after which Cooper maintained a stony silence.

Three jobs gone

A third applicant, of Sedgley, did not hear anything until about a month after he had answered the advertisement. He then received a letter to say that he could start after Easter on exactly the same terms as those already described above.

After an interview with Cooper he was sufficiently impressed with the proposition to sell up his business as a cabinet maker and sink £20 in the new venture.

He was very successful on the road and booked some good orders. But he had not been at the game very long before he discovered that a

second traveller had also been appointed.

When he remonstrated with Cooper on the subject he could obtain no satisfaction. Meanwhile he, too, had surrendered his car to be overhauled, and when he endeavoured to obtain an interview with Cooper the latter refused to see him.

Here are three men who have paid £20 to obtain jobs which have fizzled out after a remarkably short time,



and their feelings may best be imagined when they discovered that Cooper was advertising again in similar terms for young men to learn salesmanship under his guidance.

But these are not the only complaints to reach us in this connection. The director of a big pottery firm informs us that Cooper, when acting as an agent for them, had presented unsatisfactory orders which had led to a severance of the connection.

We also find that a few months ago Cooper figured unfavourably in a County Court action at Hanley, when he claimed for £100 for breach of contract by a man he had engaged as partner in a motor school venture.

The partner, a Mr. H. Atkinson, counterclaimed for damages through loss of employment and also alleged that he had been the victim of fraudulent misrepresentation.

Calling his bluff

It appears that Cooper had advertised for a partner with £150 to invest and Mr. Atkinson had eventually thrown up a good position to come in with him.

Cooper had told him that the business had been established for five years and that he had been teaching driving for eight. On making fuller enquiries, however, he had backed out.

That Atkinson was wise to have backed out in this way is best upheld by the fact that His Honour Judge Ruegg, K.C., after hearing his story, gave judgment in his favour.

While the judge did not like to suggest a man was guilty of deliberate fraud, he declared that Cooper had "used gross exaggeration which amounted to misrepresentation in almost every circumstances associated with the business."

Presumably Cooper is doing much the same thing now, and we hope he will be warned to mend his methods without delay.

BOGUS CHARITY RAMP

THE FIFTY-FIFTY GAME

Mrs. Carling's Impudent Appeals

THERE is only one safe rule for those who wish to aid charity—to establish the *bona fides* of the charity before giving. There is no happier hunting-ground for heartless cheats

COLLECTORS are now busy in various districts making house-to-house calls in an endeavour to persuade kind-hearted people to make contributions to an organisation known as "The Good Shepherd Charity."

Apart from the wealth of suggestion which this well-chosen title carries, householders are led to believe that their offering will be used for "the aged poor" and also for "the relief of destitute little ones."

"Your kind donation," they are informed, "will help to provide free meals" and the printed matter refers to the free meals centre for north London at an address in Holloway Road. The same printed matter implies that the charity is duly registered and states explicitly that the collector does not receive a salary for this work.

Householders may be pardoned if they regard the scheme, as set forth above, worthy of their support. He would be a niggard indeed who begrudged a copper or two for helping the "aged poor and destitute little ones." But we venture to state that any money handed to these collectors would be money misapplied!

For the printed matter errs sadly in omitting several vital points which the householder ought to know, and it is our intention in this article to fill in some of the blanks.

Hush! A mystery!

First let us take the brief note which appears thus: "(Regd.)." Nine out of ten people would immediately take this as meaning that the "Good Shepherd Charity" was registered; but the fact remains that the organisation is not registered either at the Charity Commissioners' or with the Charity Organisation Society. It would be interesting to know, therefore, where it is registered.

The headquarters in Highgate Road, N., to which people are invited to send donations and gifts of clothing, consists of one small room, rented for a few shillings a week.

In the same way, "the free meals centre" for North London is not the usual sort of canteen-hall associated with such charities. Actually it is a baker's shop, at the rear of which is a room reserved for meals.

Altogether misleading

Mrs. Carling, who is the leading light behind the Good Shepherd Charity has apparently come to some arrangement with the shopkeeper for a meal to be given to any person bringing a slip of paper authorising them to have one.

The baker is naturally very annoyed at the use which has been made of his address in the Charity's printed matter, and upon being interviewed recently by an inspector of the Charity Organisation Society re-

pudiated all knowledge of the "Good Shepherd Charity."

It will thus be seen that almost every point in the printed matter is misleading, and perhaps the most misleading assertion of all is the one to the effect that "the collector does not receive a salary for this work."

For this does not necessarily mean that the work is entirely voluntary, though that is the obvious impression that the phrase implies.

A notorious cheat

The truth is that the collectors can very well afford to dispense with any salary for the simple reason that they are allowed to retain not less than 50 per cent. of the money they collect.

We should imagine that if any commercial firm made such offers it would have no difficulty in finding plenty of representatives who would jump at a "no salary" job!

It would be illuminating in this particular instance to know how much of the collected money is left for helping the aged poor and destitute little ones after collectors have seized half and all charges relating to printing, organisation, rent, etc., etc., have been met.

Another feature of interest is the fact that a lady named Mrs. Ellen Currie is constantly to be seen at one or other of the addresses given by the "Good Shepherd Charity."

For Mrs. Currie is a notorious charity cheat, having been convicted for bogus collections whilst with the no less notorious Walter Blackburn, of the Westminster Charity Committee.

She has herself run a charity similar to the "Good Shepherd Charity" and known as the "Good Samaritan Charity." This apparently fizzled out after being black-listed in official charity circles.

Leave it alone!

In order to test the *bona fides* of the "Good Shepherd Charity" we wrote to the secretary at the Highgate headquarters for a copy of its balance-sheet. Our request was not complied with, but we have received a postcard promising to forward one.

In view of the foregoing disclosures, we shall await the promised balance-sheet with the greatest interest but we doubt whether our readers will require any further proof that this charity is simply a hole-and-corner affair.

But if a final word is necessary we can only add that it is quite superfluous as there are already many *bona-fide* charities in existence which more than cover the ground specified—and cover it to the satisfaction of those who lend them financial support.

A DANGEROUS SECRET CURE

THE MIRACLE GROCER.

A Trap for Invalids

"NEW health for the sick!" is the slogan used to draw attention to certain announcements which have lately appeared in the advertising columns of the general Press, and doubtless many poor sufferers have eagerly devoured the message which followed.

"Cases given up as hopeless by regular physicians and hospitals," they were assured, "have been permanently cured by Biochemic practitioners."

This sweeping assertion was followed by a note to the effect that interesting literature and information would be given gladly by Mr. H. J. Martin, of 66, Elers Road, Ealing, London, W.13.

One applicant who wrote for further particulars was favoured with a typewritten letter which did not exactly inspire confidence.

In the first place the paper was evidently torn from a cheap pad and the typewriting had been done by someone whose skill was limited. The address at the head of the page had been added with the aid of a rubber stamp.

Not very imposing!

Another applicant received a still less imposing epistle, which had been started upon the typewriter, but finished off by hand.

Circulars accompanied the letters in each case, but Mr. H. J. Martin, who appended the letters M.B.B.A. to his name, ventured a few explanatory remarks of his own.

"It is not a new thing," he wrote. "Colleges in Germany and America teach it and send out properly qualified men. Personally I believe

it is the curative science and will eventually do away with drugs. It is Nature's own remedy."

The circulars had apparently been issued originally by a concern in Brixton, but the name and address had been crossed out in red ink and the Elers Road address stamped on instead.

A mysterious society

They were largely devoted to an explanation of Bio-Chemistry, which was summed up as follows: "If a window glass is broken more glass is needed. Some people will stuff the broken window with rags, and in this way some also seek to repair the human body. . . . The body can be repaired with lacking elements. . . . We claim that there is no disease that cannot be cured thus."

The circulars further explained that persons with no medical knowledge could, with the aid of a Bio-chemic guide, be successful physicians to themselves and their friends in ordinary ailments for which home remedies are generally used.

For serious and difficult cases, however, a Bio-chemic physician was declared necessary. Thousands of lives, it was maintained, had been saved by unrecognised medical aid when the ordinary doctors had failed. Sufferers were therefore urged to seek out a man or woman recognised as a Doctor of Bio-chemistry by the "British Bio-chemic Association" and the "Bio-chemic Society," both of Elers Road, Ealing.

Inquiries at the latter address did not disclose any trace of any association or society. Mr. Martin was dis-

covered at his grocer's shop near by and when asked to recommend a Bio-chemic practitioner stated that a Doctor Gilbert, of 93, Replingham Road, S.W.18, would grant a consultation for 5s. which would include six weeks' treatment without medicines.

Later, however, when the individual concerned wrote to "Doctor Gilbert" his letter was ignored and a subsequent visit to the address given disclosed the fact that it was a newsagent's shop.

"Doctor Gilbert," it transpired, had a small office on the premises, but he was seldom if ever to be found there. A young lady was in the habit of calling there from time to time to collect letters delivered there addressed to the "British Bio-chemic Association," which was described as "the College of Biochemic Practitioners and students of Bio-chemistry and Physiological Healing."

An amazing spoof

Correspondents are not always referred to the mysterious "Doctor Gilbert," but are requested to complete a long "medical record" sheet, from which "a Bio-chemic Practitioner will be able to prescribe and make the necessary suggestions for treatment."

Surely this is the most amazing attempt to gull the sick and stricken that has ever been made? Here we have a grocer advertising that "hopeless" cases can be cured and subsequently referring inquirers to a seemingly mythical doctor whose "consulting room" is a small office over a newsagent's shop!

What is the truth of the matter?



Sir Donat Macalister, K.C.B., M.D., President of the General Medical Council, which has no knowledge of this "doctor's" alleged medical qualifications.

We are able to state that no "British Bio-chemic Association" or "Bio-chemic Society" is known or recognised by the British medical profession. Both would appear to be imaginary bodies.

In the same way "Doctor L. Gilbert" is not known to the General Medical Council, which assures us that there is no such person on the medical register.

The Medical Defence Union, too, does not recognise the alleged "cure" at all, and emphasises the grave dangers of incurable people being thus treated in the absence of proper aid.

We trust that the foregoing facts will lead advertising managers to reject any further announcements of such a dubious nature and that invalids will have the good sense to realise the folly of lending a ready ear to any unknown individual who may come along with claims of infallible cures.

The Perilous Pink Form

Oh, Those Homeworkers!

AS fast as one home-employment ramper drops out of the overcrowded ranks another pops up to take his place. Latest in the field is "J. P. Cooke," of Tomano Avenue, London, N.W. 5, who announces that he has "a few vacancies for spare time workers."

Same old game

Although his vacancies are strictly limited, Mr. Cooke has gone to the trouble of having circular letters prepared together with specially printed forms of application. Surely, this is a most extravagant way of selecting a few workers?

However, let us see what Mr. J. P. Cooke has to say to prospective applicants. The work can be done on the kitchen table. There is no stock, machinery or plant to buy, and it is not connected with betting or gambling of any description.

Addressing envelopes and circulars, and despatching them in accordance to instructions, forms the major portion of the work apparently, and those who are enthusiastic and active

should be able to earn from £3 to £5 weekly.

Of course, Mr. Cooke maintains the best traditions by explaining that experience of "curiosity seekers" who have no intention of taking up the work, makes it necessary to ask for a small deposit.

But those who take up the proposition are reminded that their time is their own, and that they may commence and finish when they choose.

Take no notice!

To avoid disappointment all interested are advised to send their deposit at once, when a complete working outfit will be forwarded.

It is obviously unreasonable that unlimited applicants should be expected to send 2s. 6d. deposit when applying for vacancies which are strictly limited.

"You finish when you choose," runs the circular. Wise people will never begin, but will consign both the circular and its accompanying pink form to the wastepaper basket.

A Snowball in Disguise

Funny Trade Reform

PEOPLE who have answered advertisements calling for "Representatives" have lately got into touch with a concern known as "Trade Reform, Limited," of Thanet House, Strand, London, W.C. 2, and the scheme which has been outlined for their benefit is rather interesting.

What a hope!

Briefly, the proposition is as follows: For 12s. a "representative" may acquire a printed book of ten vouchers, which he must sell to ten other people, at 1s. 4d. a time. He thus recovers 13s. 4d. in cash, but that is presumably not his sole benefit.

Each voucher has a face value of £6, and all ten purchasers have in turn to send 12s. to Trade Reform, Limited, in order to acquire books of vouchers for themselves.

When they have done this the original "representative" is entitled to order goods from the company to the value of £6.

But why should ten people buy him a present in this roundabout way,

you may ask? The answer is that they in turn hope to qualify for £6 presents by selling all their vouchers in the same way to other people who will also purchase the 12s. booklets.

But a brief calculation shows that they must wait until 100 people have carried out instructions to the letter, while before the hundred people can qualify a further 1,000 must be roped in, who cannot get prizes unless 10,000 more are found, and so on.

A sheer ramp

That is not all. The company proposes to run no fewer than eight different series on the same lines with certificates ranging in value from 30s. to £630.

We are afraid that it will have to lease the Albert Hall as an office and employ a veritable army to cope with the millions of "representatives" who must ultimately be involved if the scheme lasts.

Somehow we do not think it will. Snowballs have a most unfortunate habit of melting away.

ASTONISHING YOUNG ROGUE

THE CLEVEREST CROOK IN LONDON

From Airplanes to Errand Boys!

THE subject of this story is, perhaps, the cleverest and most resourceful of all youthful rogues, for although he is barely twenty-five years of age he has already achieved a record equal to any set up by older wrongdoers, and up to now he has completely baffled the police.

His real name is Frederic Oldrey, but he is known in the underworld as the "professor" in recognition of his polished skill in almost every class of crime.

Not the least amazing thing about him is the fact that he is known to spend as much cunning in carrying out a trumpery theft as he does when engaged upon some of the major coups for which he is notorious.

And he is most erratic—almost eccentric in his operations. One day, for instance, he will go to immense trouble to steal a paltry purse, while on the next he will make a big haul of valuable jewellery or obtain a large sum of money by false pretences. This curious characteristic has led the police to regard him as one of the strangest enigmas of modern times.

A disappearing trick

The son of respectable London parents, who gave him a good education, his waywardness has brought them nothing but despair. He held a good position in a City merchant's office until a year or two ago, but there came a day when he was conspicuous by his absence. His absence coincided with the disappearance of certain cash belonging to his employers.

With this maiden effort Oldrey said good-bye to the weary routine of city offices and worked his way into the underworld, becoming a familiar figure in notorious West End criminal haunts.

The next effort of which we have record is neither original nor remarkable. He simply borrowed a bicycle, neglected to restore it to its owner, sold it instead and pocketed the cash!

But from this small beginning he blossomed forth on a far more ambitious scale. He next appeared in the alias of James Jackson and obtained a job at a West End hotel, which he held only until an opportunity presented itself for lifting money from the till.

Alias after a .a-1

Then he graduated into the society of boarding house and hotel thieves, taking a room, "paying" his bill with a worthless cheque, and departing with all the available property he could lay his hands upon!

In this way he gradually rose step by step to the position he holds to-day as a fully qualified and unique "professor" of crime.

One of his greatest and most recent exploits was carried out with such

effrontery as almost to leave one gasping. Giving the name of F. Raymond Stewart he called at the Piccadilly headquarters of one of the leading and pioneer aviation firms, and, in impressive tones, intimated that he was desirous of chartering an aeroplane to take him to Germany.

The matter was gone into on the spot, and Mr. Stewart was eventually introduced to the pilot of the machine on which his passage was to be



Frederic Oldrey

arranged. This interview took place at the famous Croydon aerodrome, and, in order to keep his appointment, Stewart hired a saloon car from a neighbouring Piccadilly firm.

But, far from making the flight to Germany, the impressive "Mr. Stewart" disappeared with the car! Prior to this he had contrived to purloin the pilot's cheque-book, containing nearly fifty unused cheques, drawn on the Standard Bank of South Africa!

Audacious eccentricity

To put a little polish on this escapade, Stewart hurried to Great Portland Street and visited a second motor firm.

Explaining that he was anxious to purchase a car he selected a very costly model and wrote out a cheque straight away, utilising the stolen book but signing the name of Stewart.

His manner inspired immediate confidence and he was permitted to take the new car for a trial run, from which, of course, he never returned.

And now we are afforded an amazing glimpse of this audacious crook's eccentricity. Only a few days after bringing off this triple coup, he accosted a lad on a green-grocery round. Giving his name as "Mr. Reynolds" he duped the lad with a confidence trick and so obtained the few pounds which the other had collected. Such a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous in crime is almost incredible.

On yet another occasion, in the alias of "Captain Robinson," he made the acquaintance of a wealthy little widow who owned her own house and had a quantity of valuable belongings.

Bogus credentials

He made violent love to her, drove her about in one of his stolen cars and then, a few days before they were to be married, disappeared with a valuable diamond ring and a substantial sum in treasury notes which he had taken from his fiancée's private cash box.

This fraud was particularly mean, for he struck his final blow during a special visit to the widow's Hampstead home in order to discuss final arrangements for the wedding.

A little prior to this, as plain Edgar Oldrey, he called on a jeweller and ordered a ring to be specially made for him and delivered at his hotel. By careful enquiry he got to know when the finished ring was to be delivered, intercepted the messenger and absconded with the valuable trinket without leaving any clue as to his whereabouts.

At the moment he is, as we have shown, in possession of a number of blank cheques, and there is no doubt that he will endeavour to pass as many as possible unless some drastic effort is made to curb his activities.

Blank cheques in the hands of this daring scoundrel become dangerous weapons, and the present book is not the first he has obtained by dint of his unusual cunning.

A dangerous rogue

One day he wandered casually into a bank and declared that he was anxious to open an account. The bogus credentials he produced appeared sound enough and he agreed, in the course of plausible and clever conversation, to deposit £50. He had not this amount upon him at the moment, but he would go and fetch it.

He was bowed out of the premises as a potential client, and it was only after he was safely out of the way that an alarming discovery was made. A new book of cheques was missing, and the only conclusion that could be arrived at was that the polite caller had "lifted" it during the course of his interview.

Confirmation was soon forthcoming, for several cheques were subsequently issued by Oldrey and naturally returned to the unfortunate payees marked "No Account."

No class of the community can be said to be safe from such a rogue, who has claimed aviators, motor dealers, hotel and boarding house proprietors, bankers, garage dealers, jewellers, tradespeople in general and even messenger boys as "fair game." Scotland Yard will have to match its best brains against him!

A Weird Partnership

£150 Goes West

MR. LEONARD VINCENT was attracted by an advertisement by Leslie's Agency, Ltd., 182, Fleet Street, for a partner for £150 offering £10 per week to a man with some selling experience.

He called at Leslie's Agency and was introduced by the managing director, Mr. T. Delaney, to a Mr. H. J. Mitchell, who occupied a furnished office at Cromwell House, High Holborn.

Mitchell represented himself as the sole proprietor of a wholesale merchandising business, trading as C. Holmes and Co., importing druggists' goods from Belgium.

On the warm recommendation of Delaney, who stated that Leslie's Agency did not entertain any rubbish and that he had known Mr. Mitchell for years, Mr. Vincent paid a deposit of £50 on May 18.

Something wrong

By the end of the month he was induced to part with a further £100 on an agreement making him a partner.

During the first few days of the engagement, some samples were received from Belgium and there were several enquiries, but he was given no work to do of any kind.

On June 2, Mitchell introduced his partner to the bank and arranged that he should sign the firm's cheques with him. He then introduced Mr. Vincent to a gentleman named A. J. Comber, who occupied an office next door and told him that when he was away on the Continent, Mr. Comber would sign cheques with Vincent on his behalf.

The continued absence of any business speedily brought Mr. Vincent to the realisation that something was wrong. He complained.

The following day, Mr. Vincent received a letter from Mitchell dissolving the partnership. He then discovered that there was only £13 to the firm's credit at the bank.

The only money paid in was his £100, out of which he had received the £20 in salary. The £50 deposit paid had not been paid in to the partnership account, and various sums had been withdrawn without his knowledge.

Rubbish!

Mitchell has offered, through his solicitor, to allow his victim one-third of the bank balance of £13 as his share of the assets of the business.

A few days after this fiasco, another advertisement was inserted in a daily newspaper by Leslie's Agency for a partner in a progressive business. Another reader who replied to this advertisement was informed by Delaney that the business advertised was that of C. Holmes and Co.

In the face of these facts we suggest that Leslie's Agency are scarcely living up to the avowal of their managing director that they "do not entertain rubbish."

THERE are roughly five million boys and girls attending elementary schools, their only playing-space being the school playground, far too small and closed after school hours. Urgent need, therefore, exists for the work of the National Playing-Fields Association

Back Up the Duke!

by COUNCILLOR W. MELLAND

It does seem strange that the deplorable lack of facilities for playing our great national games should not have been realised more generally long years ago.

It is true that in London and one of the great cities in the North private playing-fields societies and the local councils have been doing wonderfully fine pioneer work during the last twenty years and more in the provision of playing fields, but the country as a whole has been woefully apathetic.

Of the immense value of games in character training we have long been persuaded, as witness our public schools with their glorious playing-fields and their staff of masters, oftentimes chosen, it is whispered, for their athletic prowess than for any great measure of erudition.

What well-to-do parents would think of sending their boy or girl to any public school that was not well equipped with playing-fields? And they would be quite right; nothing can exactly replace the marked influence on character produced by the playing of team games.

A great tragedy

Self-discipline, co-operation with others, ready and quick obedience to self-imposed rules, ability to make quick decisions and determination to keep fit physically and morally, all these result from the playing of well-organised games.

Keenness for games is a strongly pronounced instinct in most boys and girls and the thwarting of this leads to serious deterioration of character and physique.

It is said that the old tag, "The Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton," has no foundation in fact, as Eton didn't have any playing-fields in that period, but be that as it may, the principle involved is a true one—namely, that boys and girls are immensely strengthened and equipped for the battle of life by the playing of games.

How great the tragedy, then, when we realise that though the children of parents in easy circumstances get every opportunity for play, the boys and girls of the elementary schools who live in the back streets of our cities and towns and country villages are denied these opportunities for play, and eventually go to swell the great crowds which watch professional football and then get faunted for it.

No wonder that magistrates with any vision, sitting in a juvenile court, feel greatly perturbed when boys are brought before them for kicking a football about the streets and so suffer the taint of a police-court atmosphere for a purely venial offence.

Righting a wrong

It is well indeed for this country that the National Playing-Fields Association has been brought to birth, for it is out to right a great wrong. Literally millions of our boys and girls are suffering to-day to their great hurt and to the hurt of the nation as a whole, for they constitute the citizens of the future.

The association was born about two years ago and in that comparatively short time has achieved wonders of organisation; it is no mean task to have got the playing-fields movement going in practically every county.

It may be said that the children and young workers in our factories, works, warehouses and offices can go into the public parks for their games. They can, but with the exception of those parks under the control of certain progressive local authorities they will find precious few playing-

fields laid out as such and reserved and equipped as they should be.

What they will find will be immaculately kept bowling-greens and tennis-courts, all splendid, too, but in no way meeting their particular want.

Perhaps it is not surprising when one remembers that members of local councils are, generally speaking, of an age when enthusiasm for cricket and football has faded into the background and they have entered on the bowling stage of life; in addition, the chief official of a parks system is so often a glorified gardener and nothing else.

Source of revenue

There are many public parks where there is ample space for play; it is often just a question of wise laying-out and equipment. Most of the cricket and football clubs of to-day are in leagues (formed in many cases by lads' clubs, boys' brigades, scouts, Sunday-schools and business houses), and it is essential for them to have pitches reserved for certain dates.

For many years a practice of reserving pitches has obtained in London, Manchester, Birmingham and Cardiff, and has worked admirably, the result being that the parks' playing-fields under this arrangement are worked so hard that the problem of the turf has often to be faced.

Local councils may urge that this is no time for dipping into the rates for the further development of their parks, but they should realise that apart altogether from the moral and physical benefit resulting from the playing of games, which cannot be quoted in terms of money, there is a nice little revenue to be obtained from the players of games in their parks.

Helping the kiddies

It is interesting to note, for instance, that during the summer of 1926 the City of Manchester drew a sum of £15,000 from this source.

In these days of increasing traffic, one pities the tiny kiddies in our towns. One way of meeting this difficulty is by putting down sand-gardens, especially in the more congested districts. Given strict supervision, these have proved a perfect godsend for little ones (and incidentally, their mothers) both in America and in this country.

So far as very little children are concerned, the parks provided in any town might as well not exist owing to their distance, and what is really wanted are plots of land, be they ever so small, near their homes, and if these are in charge of a capable woman their value is enormously enhanced.

The oldest Playing-Fields Society in the North of England has seen during its twenty years' experience many working boys' football and cricket clubs disbanded owing to the impossibility of finding a ground or of paying the excessive rent demanded by the owner of a piece of land. It has also found that increased numbers of clubs come into existence with every additional playing-field that is provided; the supply never keeps pace with the demand.

Boys and girls in work can pay a reasonable rent, and it has been proved conclusively that, provided the land has been purchased at a reasonable figure or partly given, the provision and equipment of playing-fields can be made a self-supporting proposition.

There are many activities in which a Playing-Field Society can indulge at very little cost. It can, if necessary, put a little gentle pressure on a local Parks Committee to devote more space in its parks for the playing of organised games and to



Councillor W. Melland

see that provision is made for the playing wants of all ages and both sexes.

The Parks Committee could be tactfully reminded that they now have powers under the Public Health Act of 1925 to purchase land for playing-fields and let it out to clubs at agreed rentals.

What can be done

It can support local schemes for the purchase of land and it can carry out experiments in developing new ideas in a way that a local authority never can, for a council does not like experimenting with the rates and is often nervous of creating precedents.

The laying-out of a newly acquired plot demands some thought and experience. In addition to the large area required for cricket, football and hockey, odd corners may well be arranged for tennis, girls' net-ball, rounders and other games.

Further, pressure may be brought to bear on town-planning committees to adopt the principle of ear-marking 10 per cent. of the available land in any area for open spaces; the housing committee may be urged to reserve and develop the odd plots and corners of land left over in its different housing schemes as playing spaces for the little ones of the neighbourhood.

The education authority can be asked to provide for playing-fields when designing the lay-out of a new elementary or secondary school and to open some of the playgrounds in the more congested areas after school-hours and under proper control.

A worthy movement

It is worthy of note that the mere existence of a society attracts gifts of land and money from generous individuals. There are certain folk who for some reason or other prefer to give donations to an independent body rather than to a local council.

Arrangements can be made to vest land in the National Association.

The ideal of five acres of open space to every 1,000 of the population and four acres of this to be devoted to the playing of games, set up by the National Association, may seem a high one, but it is amply justified by the great and growing demand.

We may deplore the fact that our forebears were so blind to the urgent need for providing adequate playing space, but the country is now awakening to the tremendous importance of the question.

There is still land to be had at a reasonable price, given a generous response to the appeal headed by the president, the Duke of York, and so splendidly supported by the Press.

Candid Communications

*Outspoken Messages to Celebrities,
Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities*

**To H.M. THE QUEEN,
Goldsborough Hall, Yorks.**

YOUR MAJESTY,—I like the story of your little shopping expedition in Birmingham. Entering a shop you found the manager attending another customer, and although you were instantly recognised, you insisted upon "waiting your turn." It was a lesson in good manners that many people who have wealth, without culture, would do well not to forget.

JOHN BULL.

**To H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES, K.G., K.T.,
St. James's Palace, S.W.**

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—On learning that a woman passenger, en route for England, had allowed her train to leave without her in her anxiety to greet you and Prince George, you urgently requested a Canadian Pacific official to make an attempt by motor-car to reach the next station before the arrival of the express. He succeeded. Were all who hold exalted positions as courteous as yourself, the world would hear less talk of anarchy.

JOHN BULL.

**To Sir GERALD STRICKLAND, M.P.,
House of Commons, S.W.**

SIR,—Very considerably, as I think, your English constituents raised no objection in 1925 to your acting also as a member of the Legislative Assembly of Malta. Now, however, you have become Premier of the island. You say you have no intention of relinquishing your seat, but I trust your sense of justice will prevail. That a capital town should be practically unrepresented in the House of Commons would be nothing short of a scandal.

JOHN BULL.

**To JAMES OLIVER, M.D.,
123, Harley Street, W.1.**

DEAR SIR,—You are afraid to order wholesome brown bread to patients for fear the subsequent purchase should be merely "bran mixed with white flour," while the purity of white bread is even more problematical, I agree that the Ministry of Health should at once set up a definite standard of purity.

JOHN BULL.

**To Mr. D. IRVINE,
City Trades Council, Edinburgh.**

DEAR SIR,—The attack, led by you, upon the six Labour councillors who attended the inauguration by Their Majesties of the Prestonfield Housing Site, was as illogical as it was disloyal. The clearance of slums is essential and the fact that the council had advised members to boycott the function merely goes to prove how insanely prejudiced some people can be.

JOHN BULL.

**To JOHN MORLEY,
Inglewood Road, Clapham Common.**

SIR,—Employing Minnie Spiers as manageress of a Pavilion refreshment room you worked her for years from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. seven days a week at a salary of 31s. 6d. and food. When, after handling from £50 to £60 a day she at last succumbed to temptation, you saw fit to prosecute. She is remanded in custody that the magistrate of the Court may think about what he deems "a most monstrous state of affairs, and a case of slavery." I endorse his remarks.

JOHN BULL.

**To F. W. SHEPPARD, J.P.,
Chairman, Towcester Rural District Council.**

DEAR SIR,—When a man named Bodily, father of ten children, living in a condemned house at Fosters Booth, applied for your help, he was merely ordered to clear cut. Besides yourself there were three ministers of religion present. Did it not occur to them that the Christianity they are paid to teach would have suggested some other treatment?

JOHN BULL.

**To Colonel JOHN MITCHELL MONCRIEFF,
Victoria Street, Westminster.**

DEAR SIR,—If you "know of no one whose duty it is to inspect old buildings under repair from the point of view of the safety of the public," it is a pity. The fact is that public office is getting to be looked upon as an opportunity to spend public money. Doubtless expenditure, and on a vast scale, is necessary, but other jobs need doing, and attention to dangerous structures is one.

JOHN BULL.

**To Mr. WILLIAM PRODGER,
Bathing Attendant, Eastbourne.**

DEAR SIR,—During the twenty years you have acted as bathing attendant you have rescued no fewer than 360 individuals. That your rewards from them total under £5—approximately 31d. apiece—does not say much for individual gratitude, nor tend to show that the average person places a very high value upon his life. "However, it's my job," you remark nonchalantly. It is the Englishman's determination to do his job which has made the country great.

JOHN BULL.

**To Mr. and Mrs. JOHN TAYLOR,
Green Street Green, Farnborough.**

DEAR "DARBY AND JOAN,"—You have both reached the grand old age of 103, and it is seventy years since you took each other for better or worse. That you are still happy, hale, and hearty you attribute to considerate children, the absence of fads, and to the fact that you are liable to break into song at any moment of the day. It would puzzle the wisest to suggest a safer insurance against melancholy.

JOHN BULL.

**To Sergeant CLARKE,
Liverpool Police Court.**

DEAR SIR,—“Oh, I'll lose my pension!” cried Mrs. Thorpe, a war widow; and, “What will my poor children do?” sobbed Mrs. Wight, when both were sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment for assaulting a witness. The magistrates remained firm; and it was only when you, acting as prosecutor, whispered to them that they relented, and imposed a fine. Also, with your approval, time was allowed for payment. Fortunate is the man whose name the widow and children bless.

JOHN BULL.

**To the VICAR,
Christ Church, Dunston.**

DEAR SIR,—While you were away on holiday those left in charge of affairs suffered one or two still-born children to be buried within the churchyard. This has so horrified you that you have made a public protest that no such burial shall again take place “under any consideration” and if attempts to defy your “orders” are made, you will communicate with the authorities. In my opinion you would do better to consult the Authority who spoke of “suff'ring little children.”

JOHN BULL.

**To the Rev. R. W. DOYLE,
Rector of Greensted, Essex.**

DEAR SIR,—I don't think much of your action and that of the Rev. H. C. Orpwood, of Fyfield, in refusing to pay rates to the Ongar Rural Council as a “protest” against the state of the roads. The proper protest is to approach the authorities and use your influence in a dignified way. Merely to “protest” by refusing to pay appears uncommonly like a cheap get-out.

JOHN BULL.

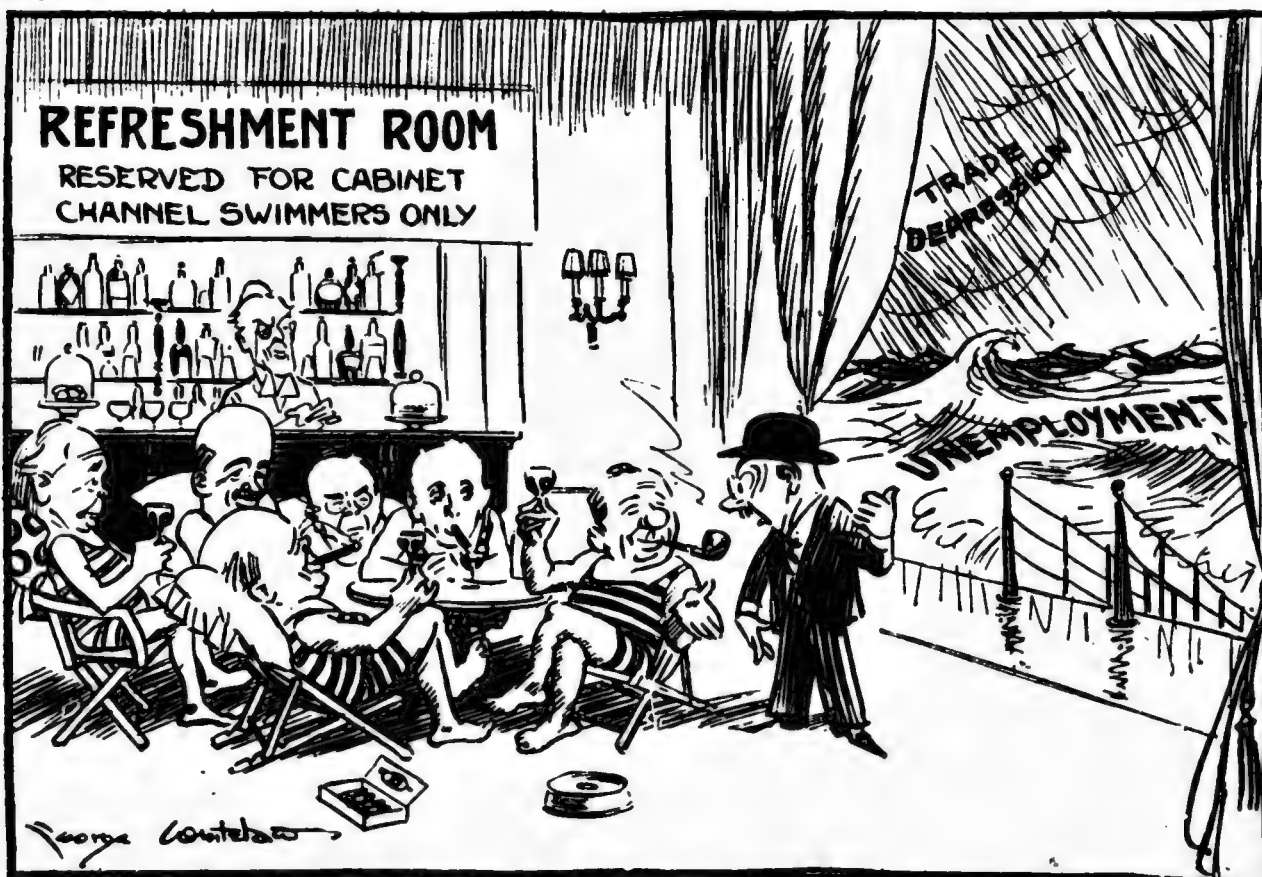
Straight from the Shoulder

MR. H. D. HENDERSON:—“My root objection to the Labour Party is that it is a class Party.”
So are the other Parties. That's what's wrong with politics.

MR. BERTRAND RUSSELL:—“We may expect an era of internecine wars.”
We may, if we are content to be thick-headed mumschulls without the wit to prevent it.

MR. HILAIRE BELLOC:—“In a very short time the demand for hell will return.”
On the contrary the world is already tired of the hells it has and is determined to destroy them.

SIR CLAUDE DE CRESPIGNY:—“Take them all in all, the young men are not such a bad lot.”
In short, they are good enough to have a far better chance, in the majority of cases, than they have got.



Mr. TAXPAYER: "When are you fellows going to tackle your job?"

THE CABINET: "We're waiting till the clouds roll by!"

Without Fear or Favour—by the Editor

OLD GHOSTS WITH NEW FACES

THE £100,000,000 SQUEEZE
Tickling the Ears of the Groundlings

THE proposal of a surtax on property and investment income over £500 that the Executive of the Labour Party hopes to carry through its next annual conference is one of the most disturbing proposals that have yet come from the welter of propositions that every vote-catching politician is throwing forth in readiness for the next general election.

It is within the bounds of possibility that the result of the next election will find the Labour Party once more on the Government benches. We do not mind that. We do not care two straws what the political colour of the Government may be so long as it governs wisely and well.

When the next potential Government announces that it proposes to add an additional £100,000,000 to taxation, however, we mind very much.

The greatest fallacy from which the Labour Party suffers is, as it has always been, that there is a certain amount of wealth in the country, and that this wealth is most inequitably divided.

The fallacy is not so much in that statement as in the remedy that obsesses Labour politicians like a disease—to take from those who have and give to those who have not.

A PART altogether from the infantile economics of such a proposal, it ignores the fact that in England, as in almost every other European country, the middle-class has been well-nigh squeezed out of existence.

The fact that a man has an income of £500 a year derived from investments does not make him a "capitalist."

There is probably no class in the country that has suffered so severely from the war as those who live on small fixed incomes derived from investments.

Amid all the multitude of political nostrums now being dinned into the ears of the electorate, there is hardly one that advocates openly and boldly the only thing that will enable this country to put itself once again firmly on its feet.

MORE LEGALISED ROBBERY

Property Owners Penalised

ON May 28, last we drew public attention to the scandalous operations of local authorities under the Housing Act of 1925 when schemes of demolition and rebuilding are in progress.

Individual stories of hardship are always reaching us. The latest protest is made by the Trustees of the French Protestant Church of London against the high-handed procedure of the London County Council in seeking to acquire a piece of ground in Phillip Street, Shoreditch.

This ground at present in possession of the Church, yields £63 per annum, money which is always applied to the Church charities.

The Church has no slightest wish to block the way to real improvements! but, very naturally, in view of the manner in which its funds are applied, it does want a fair price for what it has to sell.

What is it getting? The value of this freehold, as it stands, is £1,337, and the L.C.C. offers exactly £105!

The yearly income of £63 from the freehold of the site in Phillip Street has been devoted to the Protestant Church of London School, in Noel Street, Soho. Generations of poor children, crowded in tenements close on the spot, benefit, both in education and safety accordingly.

It is bad enough that valuable property can be

There is not a politician in the land who has the courage to stand up and say: "Come what may, our every effort must be bent towards the reduction, and the enormous reduction, of taxation which in its turn means a complete elimination of wasteful expenditure."

We should have thought that the Labour Party, more perhaps than any other, would have emphasised the enormous necessity of this. But no. It calmly proposes to increase the burden of taxation by a cool hundred millions!

Apart from the fact that the wealth of a country is its ability to produce, a large proportion of that wealth is certainly its savings, whether these be small or great.

IT is on the savings of a nation that industry and trade eventually depend. To raid savings and to discourage thrift is to destroy confidence.

The Labour Party has always chased a peculiarly noxious Will o' the Wisp. It has always believed that the road to Paradise lay in pulling down a high standard, of prosperity in order to lift a low standard by an unappreciable degree.

Talk like this sounds very well from the soap box at the street corner, but it does not deceive anyone with an ounce of brains. It appears nakedly for what it is, a crude, vote-snatching device, whereby the ears of the mob are pleasantly tickled at the thought of despoiling the rich for the benefit of the poor, just as mobs from time immemorial have regarded the destruction of "aristocrats" as a fine revolutionary sport.

The Labour Party does not yet appear to have realised that Government implies statesmanship, and that statesmanship is as far removed from vote-snatching as are the poles asunder.

Still less has it realised that true statesmanship knows nothing of class, and that sound government is legislation for a country and not merely for one section of it.



The Rt. Hon. J. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., former Prime Minister and leader of the Labour Party in the House of Commons

BLIND GUIDES Lettuces and Life

EVERYBODY has heard of the wonderful Botanical Garden of Kew. These belong to the nation, and they are something more than a lovely fairyland to walk in on a sunny summer afternoon.

Besides containing specimens of trees and plants from every known quarter of the globe, Kew Gardens are largely used for the purposes of education and experiment.

This summer an experiment of interest to every man and woman in the kingdom has been made. A number of lettuces have been grown some under ordinary glass, and others under the new vita-glass which permits the passage of the health-giving ultra-violet rays of the sun.

The result is astonishing. The gardeners report that "everything flourishes and grows much stronger and much sturdier" under the vita-glass than under the ordinary glass.

This is no new discovery. It is merely practical demonstration, corroboration of facts already known to every scientific authority. More significantly, they are known to every educational authority; for vita-glass is just as beneficial to children as it is to lettuces.

It takes money to remove from school windows glass that bars the most vital part of sunshine, and to place it with vita-glass admitting health-giving rays.

"It would be very nice if we could bring the same health-giving rays to our children, but," say the authorities, "children spend so short a time in school the result would not be worth while."

That is rubbish. The hours that are spent in school are precisely the most likely to need sunshine. The truth is "it costs too much" to provide all schools with this health-bringer.

A wise age, valuing children more than lettuces, wouldn't think so.

Who's Stealing England?

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

A GREAT poet once said: "A bold peasantry, their country's pride, when once destroyed, can never be supplied." We have nearly reached the point of extinction. Let us beware lest we reach it quite.



The Rt. Hon. Walter Guinness, M.P., Minister of Agriculture, who has ample powers to prevent enclosures of common land.

IF the people of this country once really got into their heads the shameless fashion in which their land has been filched from them, there would arise such a clamour as would not be stilled until the whole rotten system of our land laws had been swept away.

The days of the wholesale enclosure of the common lands of England have long gone by, days when, in something like 150 years, nearly five million acres of land were deliberately stolen from the people and fenced around for the benefit of private landowners.

It is not, however, so widely known as it should be that almost day by day attempts are being made to deprive the people of what little common land they still have left.

Only recently the picturesque village of Little Hampden in Buckinghamshire figured prominently in the news, because the villagers objected to the attempt of the local squire to enclose 34 acres of common over which the villagers claim to have held rights dating back over 600 years.

Wholesale Enclosures

How prevalent is this continued attempt to take the sorry remnants of the people's land from them can be gauged by a statement recently made by the Secretary of the Commons and Footpaths Preservation Society.

"More than a thousand cases in the last ten years," he said, "of attempted enclosures of common lands in England and Wales have been reported to us, and we have reported to us only a fraction of the attempts at enclosures made each year."

Let me instance some particularly flagrant examples of enclosure and attempted enclosure of common land in England within very recent times.

In the years 1914 to 1919 a number of splendid open spaces belonging to the public were commandeered by the War Office. At Kenley Common, Surrey, sixty acres of the best part of the open spaces were fenced off and have since been completely lost to the people, and this was done in the very teeth of the Acquisition of Lands Act, which forbade the permanent enclosure of public land.

A Spineless Minister

Emboldened by this example the Government next sought to enclose a fine range of open spaces in Devonshire. Had the attempt succeeded the people of Exeter and Plymouth would have lost for ever wide and splendid views over the valleys of the Exe and the Otter. At great expense the Government was defeated.

It was only in 1924 that Holmbury Common,

one of the beauty spots of Surrey, was saved from the clutches of the Admiralty by a great public outcry.

Quite recently the public lost 50 out of 120 acres of Foredown Common, Cornwall, by the action of the Cornwall County Council, and only the lord of the manor and other local landlords received any compensation.

We might expect that at least Parliament and His Majesty's Government would take very great care to see that in such an important matter as the preservation of common land to the people their own laws would be scrupulously carried out.

An Act called the Law of Property Consolidation Act has a clause which prevents the enclosure of common land without the consent of the Minister of Agriculture.

Yet as recently as July last, Mr. Guinness, the Minister of Agriculture, said in the House of Commons that in the last resort the people of England must look to the courts of law to protect them against the filching away of their rights in the commons and open spaces of the land.

Injuring the Poor

Surely reaction can go no further when a Minister of Agriculture says that the only defence in such cases is by a series of expensive legal actions, and says it moreover in the face of an Act of Parliament which specifically prevents such enclosures without his consent!

When the great enclosures of the commons took place there was a certain case to be made out for it. Conditions of agriculture were changing and modern methods were replacing outworn ways.

Yet, despite all that could be said in its favour, one of the greatest authorities of the time said: "By nineteen enclosure Acts out of twenty the poor are injured, and by some grossly injured. The poor in these parishes may say with truth, 'Parliament may be tender of property; all I know is I had a cow and an Act of Parliament has taken it from me.'"

A bigot is always a nuisance. When he brings unnecessary misery to others he is a social menace.

I HAVE been reading the report of a meeting of a Board of Guardians—the second largest in England. It appears that a "vat" of Frothblowers had offered to provide an outing for the children in one of the Board's "homes," and in return for the offer received a most intemperate attack on the ground that the A.O.F.B. "stood for a vested interest, for drink and betting."



Mr. A. F. Holt

I only mention this because it is an ugly sample of the spirit one often finds infecting so-called representative bodies such as Boards of Guardians and Town Councils; which causes individuals to push private opinions at the expense of their public duties.

I don't suppose for a moment that the Frothblowers stand for a "vested interest, for drink and betting," but even if they do, what about it?

To-day, very largely as the result of the filching of the land from the people, not only has the cow been taken but the right to live and work on the land has been taken also.

To-day a man must pay, and pay heavily, for the "privilege" of living on the land that God gave to the people.

He must well-nigh pay for the "privilege" of breathing the air and enjoying the sunlight that bathes the land that is no longer his.

Case After Case

Let me give one or two more instances of what is going on to-day. Only last April the villagers round Battle Abbey, Sussex, were fighting against attempts to shut them off their own local green.

Only last May the men of Ecclefechan, the birthplace of Carlyle, found their common land enclosed, and promptly tore down the fences that shut them off from their own.

Acts like these, acts of the strong hand, should not be necessary. They would not be if the Minister of Agriculture used the powers that Parliament has conferred on him to protect the rights of the people in their open spaces.

It is a favourite trick on the part of some farmers deep in the shires to plough up ancient footpaths and rights of way, and affix trespassing notices to imposing gates.

In one single year there have been no less than 1,414 appeals for advice from councils and persons resisting such obstruction of public paths to the Commons and Footpaths Society.

There is no future for this country unless we can get our people back to the land. The matter is one of some urgency, as there is precious little of the people's land remaining to the people to-day, and even that little is being steadily filched.

It is perhaps as well for those who are even now casting hungry glances on these remaining acres that the people have not yet awakened to the full extent to which they have been deprived of their rights.

Bumble Bans

Does the money such interests offer to charity smell differently from other money? Will it buy less good for the poor? Will it purchase less happiness for the children of the poor if it pays for an outing or a bun-light for them?

If not, what right has anyone to oppose the acceptance of such offers merely because of a personal prejudice? What right have any "representatives of the people" to deny a little pleasure to young or old poor merely because they don't happen to like the way in which the people who have offered to pay for that pleasure have made their money?

The bigots usually argue that the people who are poor are poor because of the drink traffic, therefore they must not countenance that traffic by entering into any relations with it.

NOT all the people who take drink and are also poor are poor because they take drink. Poverty and drink so act and re-act upon each other that it is often difficult to discern which is cause and which is effect.

But assuming that the argument is sound, does it not offer a reason why money offers from the "trade" should be accepted and not rejected?

If, as it is claimed, certain old people are now without money because they helped to pile up

A Plot to Wreck Europe

by A. G. GARDINER

THE League of Nations—or war! That is the choice before us, and we have no other. It has been left to a Frenchman to throw down the challenge to Europe, but the answer is the responsibility of every one of us.

THE challenge that has been flung into the arena of the League of Nations by M. Henry de Jouvenel raises the question of the whole future of Europe.

The issue implicit in the challenge is whether we are to organise Europe for peace or for war. The answer depends on whether the League of Nations is to be a reality or a sham.

M. Jouvenel wants it to be a reality, but believing that it is ceasing to be a reality, that it is being deliberately sandbagged, he has resigned his position on the League, denounced the attitude of his own government and appealed to the public opinion of Europe to save the nations from drifting back into a state of war.

It has been notorious from the beginning that the Foreign Offices of Europe were hostile to the League. They were hostile to it for two reasons.

They were born and bred in the traditions of the old secret diplomacy which set Europe in a blaze in 1914. They were not cured of their belief in secret diplomacy by that terrific lesson.

The League haters

Secret diplomacy was their trade and if that trade was abolished their power was gone. The League is the enemy of secret diplomacy, and it was natural that the Foreign Offices should hate it.

They hated it, too, because every accession of power to the League meant a diminution of power to themselves.

This has been particularly the case in France. It has become the case in this country under the Foreign Secretaryship of Sir Austen Chamberlain.

In the early days of the League our record was good. We sent to Geneva distinguished statesmen who believed in the League, men like Lord Balfour and Lord Robert Cecil. In Mr. Ramsay MacDonald we had for a brief period a Foreign Minister who was a League of Nations man through and through.

Under these men Britain was becoming the cornerstone of the League, and the League itself was being established like a tower in the midst of the troubled waters of Europe. Even France, under the enlightened premiership of M. Briand, began to show some evidences of faith in the League.

The bogeymen of Europe

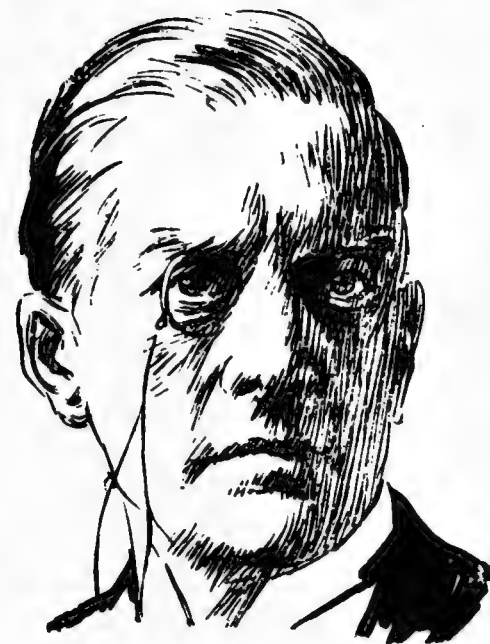
But since the return of the present Government here in 1924 and the restoration of M. Poincaré to power in France, the old diplomacy has got into the saddle and the League has been stripped of its power, its influence and its vitality.

It is not because Mr. Baldwin does not believe in the League. In his amicable, blameless way he believes in it very sincerely, but he has no power of giving effect to his beliefs, and he is surrounded by forceful ministers like Mr. Churchill and Lord Birkenhead, who believe in the gospel of militarism and the "glittering prizes" of war, and who hardly pretend to pay even lip-service to the League.

And in Sir Austen Chamberlain we have a Foreign Minister who is engaged in freezing the League out of existence. It is not the result of deliberate malice or even hostility. In his dull way he probably thinks well of the League. But he is entirely without imagination or ideas.

A new idea fills his decorous mind with panic and in whatever office he is he becomes by his very nature the instrument of his officials. And through his well-meaning incompetence the Foreign Office for three years has been sandbagging the League.

As for M. Poincaré, no one needs at this time of day to be told what he stands for in Europe. His colossal blunder in the Ruhr nearly completed the wreck of Europe, but he learned nothing from that terrific failure, and having got the intelligent and wise, but lamentably weak M. Briand under his iron heel, he is now engaged in wrecking the



The Rt. Hon. Sir Austen Chamberlain, M.P., Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs

Locarno treaty which we, perhaps unwisely, entered into to secure permanent peace between France and Germany.

He refuses to withdraw his French armies from Germany land, apparently, aims at a permanent occupation of the Rhine towns.

This, of course, means the end of Locarno—and it means war.

It is for this reason that I rejoice that the challenge thrown down has come from a Frenchman. M. de Jouvenel has been the ablest and most sincere representative that France has sent to the League.

On the eve of the assembly at Geneva he resigns his position on the ground that the League is being reduced to a farce. It is lobbied off with trumpery little tasks and make-believe business. If the old diplomatists have a nasty little job that looks like failing they let the League take it in hand and have the discredit of the failure.

But for all practical purposes we have returned to the system before the war in which the Big Four hold their secret confabulations, pursue their policies underground and honeycomb Europe with gunpowder galleries.

M. de Jouvenel insists that if the method of the League is believed in, it ought to be put into practice; that it is futile to proclaim the advantages of it for one month in the year and during the other eleven months to fall back upon the system under which four Great Powers settle affairs of high policy in a private discussion.

We've been trapped!

Although M. de Jouvenel addresses himself to France as the chief criminal in this conspiracy against the peace of Europe, his indictment is as applicable to ourselves.

We have surrendered our leadership of the League and have fallen into the trap laid for us by Poincaré and Mussolini and the Foreign Office intriguers of all three countries. If anyone can be held more responsible than others for "downing" the League and restoring the old secret diplomacy it is Sir Austen Chamberlain.

The last meeting of the Assembly at Geneva was little better than the meeting of a parish council, for all serious business had been settled outside by the Big Four. The coming Assembly promises to be as empty a formality. The League cannot survive many such fiascos.

And if the League goes there is an end to all dreams of disarmament, and of peace. We shall be back in the atmosphere and conditions that produced the Great War and that will inevitably produce that horror again.

That is the issue that M. de Jouvenel has raised. No graver issue has ever been presented to Europe.

a Bun-Fight!

by ARNOLD FREEMAN HOLT

profits for the brewers in the past, is that not enough in itself to justify their being permitted to accept a little of their own back?

If children are in poor-law homes because their fathers helped to keep bookmakers in affluence, is it not a small instalment of justice if the bookies return a little to the children in the form of a treat?

On what grounds can the refusal of such an instalment be justified?

IT is sometimes difficult for one to deny oneself a pleasure, but it is quite easy, when one has the power, to deny another a pleasure, particularly if, by so denying, one gratifies a personal prejudice. When anyone does that, however, he—or she—merely advertises his utter unfitness for the office of Guardian of the Poor.

God knows the pauper's lot, even in these days, is not a happy one. To children in institutions society owes much. Any person who denies to either class anything that will bring a little colour into their lives is assuming a big responsibility.

We have no right to look any gift horse in the mouth. If the Devil himself offered to defray the cost of an outing to the seaside or an evening at the pictures for the poor, so long as the offer

was unconditional we ought to accept the money and put up with the smell of sulphur.

The interests of the poor, but particularly the poor children, ought to come first. So far as the old are concerned, one can hardly provide for their interests. One can only try to give them a little pleasure.

But if at, say, a Christmas treat someone offers to provide a pint of beer for each of the old folk in the workhouse—or institution—who would like it, the offer is opposed by the very people who escape their just share of taxation because, and only because, other people drink beer and smoke tobacco.

I hold no brief for brewers or bookmakers. I am interested in neither. I do hold a brief for the poor. I say that any Guardian who opposes the granting of any little colourful break in their drab days is unfitted for his office.

THERE is only one reason why I would like to see the coming of Prohibition in England. I would like it to come because then the people who advocate it would have to pay their fair share of the cost of Army, Navy, and our social and other services.

They now curse the brewer—and ride on his back. They preach against drink, and accept the benefits accruing from its taxation.

BEWARE OF FORGED CHEQUES!

LIMOUSINES AND LAPSES

Innocent Women Accomplices

DURING the past few months a disquieting number of forged cheques have been cashed in London, and the larger provincial towns, by the "Penton Penmen," and the banking profession and Scotland Yard have been greatly puzzled by the almost uncanny way in which the forgers have worked.

The general impression is that the forgeries, which involve huge sums, are the work of separate individuals. This, however, is erroneous, for on following up certain exclusive information we have discovered that a powerful gang is at work to-day, whose operations are solely confined to forged cheques and counterfeit money.

A sinister organisation

The headquarters of this gang are in King's Cross Road, and its members are known in their own circle as the "Penton Penmen" by virtue of the fact that their general assembly rooms are situated in Penton Road, N., while their number includes some of the cleverest penmen in existence. Most of the members, too, are notorious "swell" crooks who have sojourned in Pentonville as a result of former exploits.

The leader is an immaculate fellow with red hair and a Varsity accent. He is hailed generally as the "Chief," though intimate associates know him as "Ginger Tommy."

Living in luxury in the West End, he possesses a fine saloon car, and the gang has several limousines at its disposal which are constantly used when forged cheques are presented for payment.

The following exclusive details of a recent coup will make clear the fact that the gang is a truly sinister organisation.

A woman named Austen, who resides in Clerkenwell, earns her living by letting apartments and cleaning out offices. One of her lodgers was an austere gentleman of fifty-five, who rented a room from her in the name of Charles McCoy.

A new use for razors!

According to his story he had fallen latterly upon evil times. He was a builder's jobber, he said, and had little work to do. He was poorly clad, and it never dawned upon the landlady that she was harbouring a person who was really a very wealthy member of the Penton Penmen, who was only waiting for an opportune moment to make her an innocent accomplice in one of his exploits.

Mrs. Austen found the cleaning a little too much for her. When she asked the caretaker if she could obtain a little assistance he readily agreed and out-of-work Charlie McCoy, who is known in the underworld as "The Spider," applied for the job.

He was not there long, but when he departed he took with him some blank cheques and counterfoils which



Det.-Inspector Fitzgerald, who was in charge of the chase after the "Penton Penmen"

he had cut from a solicitor's cheque book with a keen edged razor!

His theft was not discovered for a long time because he had been careful to take the cheques from various parts of the book, and only the most minute examination would have shown that it had been tampered with in any way.

Fate takes a hand

Upon the day following the undetected theft a fine saloon car drew up at the doors of a well-known bank in Chancery Lane, and a smartly attired gentleman alighted. Mounting the bank steps he presented an open cheque for £240 made out to "R. Fordham," which purported to be signed, as far as human eye could tell, by the solicitor from whose office it had been stolen.

The money was paid over in £10 notes, and R. Fordham re-entered his smart car and drove blithely away.

That night Fate took a hand and with a trifling stroke brought McCoy and Fordham under observation. But for the tiniest lapse on the part of McCoy their guilt would never have been discovered.

It had been arranged that McCoy and Fordham, whose real name is Charles George Brookes, should meet their red-haired chief and other members of the gang at the Penton Street headquarters to share the spoils.

In addition to the £240 a second cheque for £170, which had been similarly forged and cashed at the same bank on the same day by another member of the gang, was to be divided.

At the appointed hour, however, McCoy, with the cash, was not to be found and the other gangsters later discovered that he had indulged in a little premature celebration and had been arrested as drunk and disorderly.

He was taken to Clerkenwell police station, where most of the bank-notes were found upon him. The numbers were placed upon record in accordance with the rule applying to paper money found on "drunks," and when the forgeries were eventually discovered and the numbers circulated this record was decidedly illuminating.

All old offenders

Needless to say McCoy was subjected to much rough handling on the following day when, released from jail, he appeared amongst the "Penton Penmen" for the belated shareout.

Even then a proper charge could not be formulated against McCoy without Brookes, and it was only after some months of clever work by detectives from Scotland Yard under the able leadership of Inspector Fitzgerald that the two men were arrested and convicted. By cleverly appealing they were spared any alarming publicity in the Press.

But these men were, of course, a couple of pawns in the game, and would probably be at large to-day but for McCoy's minor lapse from sobriety.

Their records, though, give a striking indication of the type of rogue from which the Penton forgery gang draws its recruits.

Brookes, who is known as "Clerkenwell Charlie" because of the frequency with which he uses that Christian name, has been in and out of jail since 1900, and has at least fourteen convictions.

These include one of twelve months for obtaining goods by false pretences, one of eighteen months for larceny, one of twelve months for wounding, a similar term for bigamy and three years' penal servitude for other offences.

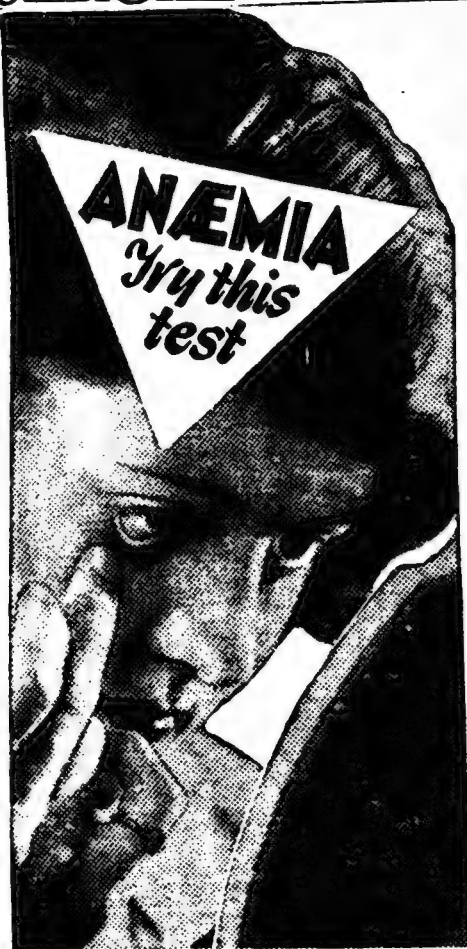
Quick-change artists

His aliases are endless and only a few need be given here. He has passed as Charles Fash, Henry Riches, Charles Ryan, John Angus, Charles Henderson, George Seymour and Henry Anderson.

McCoy, too, favours many aliases, including those of Pearson, Peppratt, Lucas and Mallings. He first went to jail in 1888, for stealing watches and a year after was sentenced for warehouse breaking.

In 1891, he was again sentenced for watch-stealing, and in 1894 for obtaining money by false pretences. After that he was in and out of jail for varying periods until he became associated with the "Penmen."

From these alarming, but authentic facts, it is clear that this gang, which is partly broken up, must be completely eliminated. Perhaps the Treasury will afford Scotland Yard proper up-to-date facilities. A wealthy and cleverly organised gang of this type can only be fought with its own weapons.



Suspect Anaemia if vitality is low

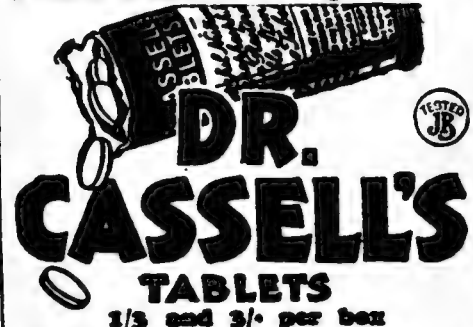
If your skin is pallid and cold, pulse feeble, appetite poor, breath short; if you suffer from weakness, palpitation, nervousness, irritability, headaches, suspect Anaemia. Pull down the lower eyelid, and look in the mirror. If the colour is a pale, whitish red, you have Anaemia, and the best possible thing you can do is to take a course of Dr. Cassell's Tablets. They are compounded of Blood Nutrients and Hypophosphites to enrich and strengthen the blood supply and build up depleted nerve-cells, and Digestive Enzymes and Stomachics to aid the appetite and digestion. Thousands recommend them—read this case:

SERIOUS CASE soon cured

Mrs Foster, 20, Trafford St., Scunthorpe, writes:—

"I had long been Anaemic, but about two years ago became terribly ill. I would go white, not only in the face, but all down the body to the knees. After these attacks, I simply collapsed. I was a bundle of nerves, and dreaded being left alone. I only seemed to get worse, until I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets. It was really wonderful how they built me up. Now I feel twenty years younger—so strong and well."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets will give YOU new life and vigour, as they did for Mrs. Foster, and so many others. Start a course to-morrow morning.



Sole Producers: Venn Drive Co. (1927) Ltd.

AMAZING LEGAL BLUNDERS

THE JAIL-BIRD FACTORY

Justices who Defy the Law

WE pride ourselves, and rightly so, on the fact that British justice is the fairest system in the world. That is no reason, however, for shutting our eyes to such imperfections as exist.

So long as a single accused man can say, "I did not have a fair trial" we have no cause to boast. The Court of Criminal Appeal is a splendid safeguard, but it is kept too busy to leave us anything but uneasy.

The other day three judges of the King's Bench Division interrupted their summer vacation to sit for a day in London as a Court of Criminal Appeal.

They sat to revise the decisions of inferior courts, of Quarter Sessions and similar tribunals, to track down errors of justice, to vindicate the root principles of criminal law.

An almost superfluous task, surely, in a country where, as we boast, every citizen charged with crime enjoys a fair and impartial trial by judges eminently qualified for their responsible duty.

Unfair trials

So it might be thought, but the result of this single day's proceedings affords no warrant for any such comfortable belief. At one sitting the Criminal Appeal Court wiped out no less than three convictions, not in sheer holiday good humour we may be sure, but because it was as clear as daylight that the prisoners had had less than a fair trial.

First, there was the case of George Seymour, sentenced at the Portsmouth City Sessions to twelve months hard labour for receiving stolen goods. The trial, in the view, apparently, of Mr. Justice Branson—who voiced the decision of the Criminal Appeal Court consisting of three judges—was most unsatisfactory, a statement having been read to the jury which was "not evidence."

The appeal judges were of opinion that Seymour had not had a fair and honest trial. The Court unanimously quashed the conviction, and set the prisoner free.

Then they proceeded to consider the case of Stanley Coulman, sentenced at the Middlesex Sessions—a tribunal constantly figuring in the Criminal Appeal Court—to twenty months' hard labour for offences against boys.

Legal ignorance

It is a well-known and salutary rule of law that in all such cases there must be some corroboration, however slight, of a child's complaint.

At the Middlesex Sessions, however, and at some others, abstract principles of justice are sometimes overlooked. It had never been pointed out to the jury that the case against Coulman rested on a foundation of sand.

So, again, the conviction was quashed, Coulman being released forthwith.

Next came Edrie Martin sentenced at Hampshire Sessions to three years' penal servitude for stealing motor-cars. This trial, it seems, was as unsatisfactory as the others. Try as he would counsel for the Crown utterly failed to put a decent complexion on it.

Conviction quashed, sentence remitted! Three years' penal servitude cancelled after a five minutes hearing by judges who knew their job!

Not a bad morning's work, but there were still one or two odds and ends to be cleared up.

Convicted at the Sheffield Sessions, of being an "incorrigible rogue," John Long had twelve months of his



Lord Hewart, the Lord Chief Justice, who recently made some severe comments on the conduct of cases at the Middlesex Sessions

three years' sentence chopped off, on the ground that, all things considered, it was more than he deserved, and fifteen strokes of the birch cancelled because he was an old man!

Disturbing facts

Finally, Sidney Johnson was dismissed with twenty-one months' hard labour for housebreaking, instead of the five years' penal servitude awarded at the Norwich City Sessions, where his "previous good character," apparently, did not count.

It would be pleasant to think that this was an altogether exceptional morning for the Court of Criminal Appeal, that only upon the rarest occasions do the proceedings of Quarter Sessions expose themselves to such raking judicial fire. But such comfort is entirely delusory.

This sort of summary jail-delivery, the straightening out of bungled country justice is constantly happening. There are many of these cancelled convictions, dozens of reduced sentences, every year.

At the last sitting of the Appeal Court before the vacation, the conviction of Sidney Baggott at the Norfolk Sessions for forgery and larceny was annulled on the ground of an improper and ill-conducted trial; while in the case of Bruce Bowman, found guilty of housebreaking at

Durham Sessions, a sentence of five years' penal servitude was reduced to twelve months' hard labour.

A week before, the Appeal Court wiped out a sentence of three years' penal servitude on John Henry Baker, for horse-stealing, on the ground that at the Middlesex Sessions, as the Lord Chief Justice scathingly observed, he had "never had a real chance of formulating his defence."

A serious position

The position becomes even more serious when it is remembered that only a small proportion of prisoners convicted at Quarter Sessions are in a position to appeal.

Either they are penniless, or any funds they may have possessed have been exhausted in their original defence, leaving no margin for the legal assistance necessary to present their case in proper form to the Court of Criminal Appeal.

The Appeal Court Judges have stated again and again that a prisoner appealing against his sentence is liable to have it increased instead of reduced. This, no doubt, is an excellent decision, but as, in one or two cases this has actually been done, the effect may well have been to create an impression in the minds of ignorant prisoners that it is safer not to appeal.

It is impossible, therefore, to believe that the cases actually dealt with by the Criminal Appeal Court are the only ones in which prisoners have been improperly convicted, or excessively sentenced.

The strong probability is that they represent no more than a minority of these judicial mishaps—to apply no stronger word.

Time after time Quarter Sessions Chairmen have been rebuked by the Appeal Court for omission and errors which reduce justice to a farce.

As a rule the Chairmen are lawyers, but in many cases, obviously, they lack the most elementary qualifications for judicial office.

We are guilty!

On appeal from the Dorset Sessions William Charles Peckham was relieved of a sentence of eighteen months' hard labour for chicken-stealing.

There was a passage in the Chairman's summing-up to the jury, said Mr. Justice Avory, which suggested that the prisoner must prove his innocence!

The elementary principle of British law that a prisoner must be *proved guilty* seems not to have reached Dorset yet.

We do not question the integrity of these blundering gentlemen. We do emphatically suggest that they should exercise a little more care in the administration of justice.

They carry in their hands more than the power to award punishment. They carry the reputation of their country's laws.

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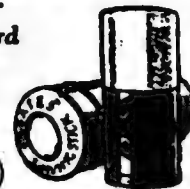
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BLACKMAIL DE LUXE

CONTINUING the short series of articles telling of some of the most amazing coups of modern times, the story below tells of a marvellous adventure of the disinherited son of a millionaire. Names are suppressed, but these are known to the Editor, who vouches for the truth of the stories

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CIGARETTE PAPERS

TWO years after the conclusion of the Great War, a young man was bewailing his lack of ready money, his audience consisting of one of those casual acquaintances so easily made in the West End of London. The two men were drinking in a mushroom club, and as it was only half-past seven they had the place to themselves.

"Here I am," said the discontented young man, whose vicious expression and small, beady eyes did him no injustice, "without a fiver to bless myself with and all my relations wallowing in millions."

"They have a policeman patrolling outside the house, now," he said bitterly, "and every week when I receive my allowance of £5 I get a letter warning me not to worry my people. But I can't live without money and I must have some just now or there'll be the devil to pay."

The other man, well-groomed, even distinguished-looking, glanced at the pale, characterless face, and smiled faintly.

"Look here, Jack," he said to him, impulsively, "if I show you how to raise a couple of thousand pounds, will you lend me a quarter of it?"

The beady eyes glinted with a momentary excitement which died away as it was replaced by suspicion.

Shylock's slimness

"I may as well tell you," he said, "that I've tried every Shylock in London and half of them have got my paper already while the other half laugh when they hear my name mentioned."

"I know all that, my boy," the other replied patronisingly, "but there's a new man just started business, and I'm sure that with my introduction he'd be prepared to trade with you."

The moneylender's office was near St. James's Street and when at eleven o'clock the next morning the disinherited son of a millionaire took a seat opposite Mr. Shylock every article of furniture proclaimed the newness of the enterprise.

When the moneylender addressed him respectfully the visitor felt that he had indeed found a "mug." As the interview proceeded, however, difficulties cropped up. Mr. Shylock was evidently no fool.

"I must know something more about you," he said, negligently. "Two thousand pounds is a lot of money, my dear sir—that is, when you lend them on a mere note of hand. I know you've had a bit of trouble over money matters and that you're not on friendly terms with your people, but don't you know some well-to-do friend who would back a bill?"

Forged signature

He ran through a list of names as the would-be borrower turned to stone, for the recital proved that Mr. Shylock knew more about him than he had ever imagined.

"Would you lend me £2,000 on a promissory note backed by —," and he mentioned the name of a man whose acquaintance he had made within the last three months and whom Mr. Shylock had mentioned three times.

"Of course, I would," said the moneylender promptly. "He's good for £10,000 at least, and I know he'd do anything rather than default."

"All right, then," said Jack, rising. "I'll go and see him. Just give me the note, will you?"

He did not go to the man in question, who, he well knew, would decline to

become his security; he drove back to the furnished flat near Cambridge Circus, the rent of which was considerably overdue, and sitting down at his desk, proceeded to spend a couple of hours copying the signature of a letter received the day before from the very man the moneylender had praised in the highest terms.

When the next morning Jack returned to the moneylender's office the promissory note bore the required signature and to



The Recorder of London (Sir Ernest Wild, K.C.), who in a recent blackmail case described the offenders as the cleverest and most dangerous scoundrels he had ever met.

his inexpressible joy, he received £2,000 in banknotes for the little piece of paper.

Emerging from the moneylender's office he had scarcely turned into St. James's Street when there was the friend who had suggested the transaction waiting for him to claim his "loan" of £500.

Terrible threat

That night there were terrific doings in a certain night club near Piccadilly Circus, and what with harpies and spongers and a few hundreds to shut the mouths of blackmailing servants, the whole of the money received from the moneylender vanished within a month.

He was not, however, upset. The promissory note was not due for another two months, and in that time anything might happen.

He was right that "anything might happen," but what did happen was from his point of view the very worst. A letter arrived a fortnight later from the moneylender demanding his instant attendance.

In the coarsest language he informed his debtor that he had discovered that the signature to the promissory note was a forgery.

"I can get you penal servitude for this," the moneylender thundered, "and I will unless you pay me for what I have gone through as the result of your forgery. It's not £2,000 plus £1,000 interest now, my boy—I'll not take less than £10,000."

"I haven't got a penny," whispered the borrower faintly, "and my people will do nothing."

"Will they see you in the dock at the Old Bailey sentenced to seven years?" said Mr. Shylock.

"I tell you they won't stir a hand to help me," he confessed. "My letters are burnt unopened and there's a police-

man on duty to prevent me calling to see my mother."

"Your mother is very rich, isn't she? She's got some of the finest jewellery in London? Where does she keep it?" he asked, turning towards him.

"In the safe behind the picture over the mantelpiece in her boudoir," replied the youth without thinking. "Very few people know the secret of the lock."

Changed mood

The moneylender came over and bent his head.

"If you will give me the plan of the house and an exact description of how the safe is opened, I'll hand you back the promissory note that can get you seven years' penal servitude," he whispered.

It was a startling change in their relation to one another, and the realisation that the moneylender was prepared to organise a big jewel robbery staggered his client. But on consideration his wonderment was lost in laughter.

"It would jolly well serve her right if she did lose her jewels," he said, with a snap of his vicious little lips. "My mother keeps jewels worth nearly £100,000 in that safe. There's a pearl necklace for which she gave £35,000 when pearls were much cheaper than they are now."

"If you clean out the safe, you'll make a profit of £40,000 or £50,000, and what I want to know is where do I come in?"

"You shall have £2,000 for yourself as well as the promissory note," he said.

Three days later, one of the greatest jewel robberies ever known took place in a house in a West End square. As a result of the visit, jewellery which had cost her ladyship over £100,000 vanished, and nothing was ever recovered.

That is the story of the robbery, and it only remains to add that it was planned days before the son of the house discussed his troubles in the night club with his middle-aged friend; that the moneylender was merely a member of a gang of blackmailers and thieves which included the man whose signature had been forged, and that from first to last the whole affair had been engineered in order to get the son of her ladyship into the power of four men who had resolved to steal his mother's famous jewels.

During the many days the robbery was featured by the newspapers there were hints and innuendoes that the thief was a near relation of the victim.

Saved from arrest

This was rather an obvious supposition considering the young man's record, but it was easily disproved when Scotland Yard ascertained that two days before the burglary her ladyship's son was stranded in Paris, having arrived early that morning with only a few shillings in his pocket, and that at the very moment the thief was opening the safe, the young man was pestering the British Consul in Paris for the loan of a thousand francs.

It was on the advice of the gang that he had gone to Paris and posed as destitute, and by acting on their suggestion he saved himself from arrest when in due course he returned to England to mingle once more with the denizens of the underworld.

[In the next article of this series a story will be told of how a woman blackmailer tried her hand on a prominent Member of Parliament, but met her match and had to flee to the Continent.]

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CIGARETTE PAPER
BEST & PUREST

In Sunshine Ward
by PHILIP INMAN

LOVE'S BELATED SUMMER

AS I think to-day of Albion Tresidder there arises before me the picture of a quiet-faced man whom I met two years ago in the South of France. Although it was January the glorious sunshine and the wonderful blue sky made life an entrancing Paradise.

But this man evidently did not find it so. In his eyes there was a look which told of a hopeless despair and his very bearing seemed completely out of harmony with his surroundings.

He lived in a delightful part of Cornwall, and he was a gardener in a big way of business. He had started with "half an acre and a dozen fruit trees," but he had prospered until he owned nearly all the land round about.

Then he had married and the future seemed radiant in its promise. A garden and a wife, it seemed like Eden—until the snake appeared. A little girl was born to them, but two days later she died, and life became a nightmare.

The shock affected his wife's health. Her conduct and her talk became odd, until at last she had to be taken to a mental home, and there he had to leave her.

A broken heart

He had gone back to a garden that had become a wilderness and to a home that had lost its soul. Then he had been persuaded to take this trip to the sun to drive his sadness away.

I can hear now the tragic bitterness in his voice as he told me that the quest had been unsuccessful. His heart was frozen by the icy blast of an irreparable sorrow and it would take more than the heat of the Mediterranean sun to melt it.

Two or three months ago I was on a motoring tour in Cornwall and suddenly there flashed into my mind the picture of Albion Tresidder. I wondered if time had healed his heart's sickness.

I determined to find out, and one day

I made my way to the address he had given me. I had not gone many yards up the garden path before I sensed the worst. The garden which had once been the beauty spot of the countryside was now an eyesore and the stone-built house looked like a deserted prison.

The empty house

The door was opened by a frail old woman who told me that Mr. Tresidder was unwell and away from home. I was expressing my regret when a voice called out, "Who is there, Janet?" and there appeared a strikingly handsome woman in the late thirties. "You know my husband?" she asked. "I am Mrs. Tresidder."

In a word I told her of our meeting and she invited me inside. "Perhaps you know that I have not been well," she said. "I only came home two days ago."

"And your husband?" I ventured. Mrs. Tresidder started to cry. "You haven't heard," she sobbed, and a minute later she told me a story of unspeakable anguish.

For the last six months her mental condition has been strengthened, but when sanity returned she remembered nothing of what had gone before. Her mind was a complete blank.

Then one day the nurse brought to her a bunch of wonderful chrysanthemums, and the sight of them set the wheels of memory moving. It was not long before she was her old self again.

She had returned to her home just like an excited school-girl, to find that "her man" was not waiting to greet her. He had paid for his two years of agony in blood money, and twenty-four hours before she arrived he had been taken away to a nursing home suffering from a severe breakdown.

"I can't go to him," his wife moaned, "and he can't come to me." Then into



Philip Inman

her voice crept a strange wistfulness as she murmured, "God gave us memory that we might have roses in December. Why did He give mine back to me? I would rather have lost it for ever than have to come back to a broken husband and an empty home."

I thought of those words when I saw Mrs. Tresidder with her husband to-day. They were passing through London on their way to the South of France. His hair is now almost white, and he looks the ghost of what he was two years ago.

But his wife is completely well again, and underneath the Southern skies these two are going to recapture the wasted years, and I think that even yet that homestead in Cornwall will become again the Garden of Eden.

The Sentence of the Court

THE INHUMANE KILLER

A Pink 'Un Pinked

WHEN Sir Edward Chichester was asked how he pleaded to a charge of unsportsmanlike conduct, the answer was in the evasive.

"That the accused finds himself in the dock is entirely his own fault," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C. "Instead of being content with the decent obscurity of a knight in which no 'star' is discernible, he has chosen to brave the glare of publicity as spokesman for that Society for the Infliction of Cruelty on Animals known as the Devon and Somerset Hunt."

"The accused has himself shown that he is no sportsman, and it cannot even be said that he amounts to much as an exponent of the ignoble art of self-defence, for in his advocacy of the right of the rich to their deer delights he lays himself open to a knock-out from even a novice in controversy."

"His chief argument in favour of stag-torture is that stags have to be kept down, as they do an enormous amount of damage to farm land."

"Anticipating the obvious reply that there are humane and effective methods of keeping them down, he mentions that it might be possible to shoot the animals 'but in that part of the country they do not possess the right kind of guns'."

"How charmed farmers must be that, despite this apparently incurable shortage of 'the right kind of guns,' the right kind of boats, ropes, tackle, dogs, knives and other appurtenances of a sporting life are available."

"Sir Edward kindly explains 'Huntsmen in olden days would swim in after the stag. Those of to-day rope the stag, draw him to the bank and kill him immediately.' The obvious advantages of the modern method are that it saves the gallant sportsmen from the risks of cramp, colds or sea-sickness."

"Doubtless stag-hunting will in time become even more 'scientific' and no up-to-date hunt will be considered complete without a torpedo apparatus or, at least, a staff of trained harpooners, to finish off the dirty work begun by its heroic members."

Mr. Strawsplitter said that he had it on the authority of Sir Edward that the hunt would be quite willing to let a stag go after a gallant run, but it was their duty to the farmers to see that it was destroyed. Some uninformed critics had suggested that it would be more "sporting" of the hunters to swim in after the animal. This was absurd. Stag-hunting

was not an aquatic sport, and mixed bathing was not usually included in hunt programmes.

"It would save much muddled thinking, not to mention a large amount of clumsy evasion," said Mr. Justice Bull, "if someone in a position to speak on behalf of these deer 'Sirs' and stag-struck females would state definitely whether they regard deer and foxes as noxious vermin or heaven-sent aids to a 'sporting' life."

"If the former, why are they so carefully preserved? And why is such a howl of indignation raised if a farmer shoots a fox, with or without 'the right kind of gun'?"

"No amount of sickening talk about aiding the farmer can disguise the fact that the main object of stag-hunting is not to put down four-legged agricultural pests, but to provide amusement for two-legged 'sports'."

"At every fence erected by the votaries of common-sense and common humanity Sir Edward has come a nasty cropper; so I must direct that he be removed from the field and deposited once again in that obscurity from which he was ill-advised ever to emerge."

Words Winged to Women

BOYS BEHIND BARBED WIRE

by MABEL HORNER

"AS the mother is, so is the daughter," is an old proverb only conditionally true. Even a good mother may be so handicapped by bad social conditions as to make the proper upbringing of children an impossibility

ONE day towards the end of the last war I visited a military camp "somewhere in England." I had certain people to see, and after my business was concluded a sergeant of military police spoke to me.

He was a fatherly sort of man with children of his own at home, and he wanted me to "speak" to some of his prisoners.

"Just a lot o' young hooligans, street corner boys, who don't know the meaning of discipline," he confided. "Reg'ler young toughs . . . and may be a word or two from a lady—" I told him the boys could be given the opportunity of a chat, but only if they wished. They must not be given the impression that an outsider wished to "lecture" them.

He smiled, and presently came back with a small group of lads, pale and undersized, scowling and defiant.

The magic word

We shook hands, and they looked a bit abashed. Then we chatted. I made no reference at all to misdemeanours, but talked about homes, and the folk left behind. . . mothers waiting for letters . . . the dreadful anxiety of mothers when boys neglected to write . . . Had they all mothers?

Without exception all those hard young faces softened, and one lad began to cry. "I ain't written home because I don't want mother to know where I am . . . she'd be ashamed . . . if she knew . . ." he sobbed.

We had found the magic word that opened the floodgates of sympathy and understanding. Without exception those poor lads had never had a real chance in life, but "mother" was still a name to conjure with. Their shoulders straightened, they would try to be worthy of a chance when it came.

The war is dimming into a memory, but what of the chance for the street corner boys? The "reg'ler young toughs," who, after leaving school, should find an honourable and useful place in the world?

Mothers are still anxious, as they were in the war. Their boys are no longer behind barbed wire, guarded by military police when they commit misdemeanours, but they are finding their way, a good many of them, into our civil jails.

Once there, they are very well treated. We call them the Borstal Boys.

The Home Secretary, Sir William Joynson-Hicks, has been the subject of a great deal of criticism since he filled his present office, but with regard to his attitude to young offenders there cannot be two opinions.

He takes an enormous interest in their welfare and is determined to turn their grim prison houses into real educational and training establishments.

The work of transforming the buildings is done by the boys themselves. They enter into the spirit of it and, for the greater part, show real desire to forget the dark past, to overcome wildness and bad habits, and grow on into useful and enterprising citizens.

Here, at Portland, the nation is laying

the foundation stone of a great thing. The old convict prison is no longer a place of misery and despair. It resounds to busy, healthful work, and the music of boyish laughter round cheerful dinner tables.

Each boy has a little bedroom to himself that has lost all resemblance to a cell. Beds are comfortable. There are real flowers on the table, postcards and photographs from home on the walls, and jolly story books in addition to the devotional books on the shelves.

Boys are learning to be carpenters, and plumbers, bricklayers, and stone masons. They see inspiring names over their doors instead of dreary numbers.

The shame is ours

But, and here is the fact that should sear its way in the heart and brain of everyone with a vote to mend matters, for thousands of British lads there is no chance at all unless they fall first into the hands of the police.

The King, visiting a London hospital, asked a boy crippled with rheumatism because he "got wet" if he slept in his clothes. The boy nodded, ashamed. But the shame is ours.

The Borstal boy has a good bed, flowers, books, sound boots, and a change of clothes. The lad running errands to keep straight has often no bed, but dosses anywhere, huddled in his clothes. The boy leaving school lounges at street corners until he becomes a "reg'ler young tough."

It is monstrous, but it is the case of thousands in the present state of unemployment and evil-housing of the poor.

For the boy's best safeguard is honest work and a good home. We may rejoice in the transformation of Portland, but were it a palace, prevention of youthful crime would still be better than its cure.



The Rt. Hon. Sir Wm. Joynson-Hicks, M.P., Home Secretary, to whose credit stands a tremendous advance in prison reform

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So confident am I that it will please you that I will send this

Ambron Belted Corsette for you to try on in your own home, upon receipt of just 1/- Deposit. The full Bargain Price is only 8/11, balance of which you may pay by instalments, if preferred. Send Deposit and Coupon NOW, while you think of it.

Please read this description

The Ambron Belted Corsette is an improved type of garment, giving the combined support of Corset and Brassiere in one. Made in strong striped Pink Coutille. Fitted with underbelt (7 in. busk). Surgical elastic insets on hips. Adjustable shoulder straps. Six suspenders. An important feature are the spiral steels which run practically the full length of the back of the Corsette, giving an unbroken line of support. Equally suitable for slim, medium, and full figures.

B.O. BARGAIN COUPON.

Please send me on approval, with option of instalment terms, a new Ambron Belted Corsette at present bargain price of 8/11. My measurements are:

BUST (over light underwear).....
Size of Corset usually worn.....

I enclose 1/- deposit, with 4d. postage, and will remit balance of 7/11 either in one sum or by weekly instalments of 1/- or more.

State Bust measurement and enclose Coupon with name and full address and postal order crossed thus: / /

Sizes range from 30-in. to 46 in. Bust.

"John Bull," 3/9/27. No. 409.

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JUNO

THE THIEF IN THE NIGHT

An Invaluable Protection

THERE are many householders, and those not always of one sex, whose nightly slumbers are always disturbed by fear of burglars.

Not only are latches, catches and bolts kept in constant repair, but quite an appreciable amount of time and trouble is taken in adding to the home defences little gadgets and alarm signals of various sorts.

This excessive precaution generally holds little relationship to the danger, for that is mostly in the state of nerves of the individual concerned. Statistics prove how small is the danger of any such raid upon the resources of the average household.

But there are other thieves than burglars, who come silent, unseen and unheard, and whose objective is something far more precious to a loving mother than any silver and gold. Illnesses cannot be kept out by bolts and bars.

Stealthy danger

Quite a number of JOHN BULL readers have lately had sad proof of this when dangerous illness slipped into their homes. Measles, for instance, is not always "a childish complaint," as Mrs. Annie Carey, of 62, Northumberland Park, discovered when she fell very sick with it.

As for smallpox, the very name is a

dread in modern ears, yet many housewives this year have been compelled, willy-nilly, to face it.

Invisible enemies

Mrs. L. Cook, 78, Clifton Street, Denaby Main, near Rotherham, was one; there was Mrs. E. Broom, 18, Commercial Road, Jarrold-on-Tyne, and also Mrs. F. Brown, 64, Danville Street, Pitsmoor, Sheffield, beside many others.

More immediately dangerous is the swift onslaught of diphtheria—a defect in the water supply, a microscopic germ invisibly present in something taken through the mouth, and the foe has its throttling grip on the throat.

HOLIDAYS!

Important Notice to Registered Readers

To remain qualified for the benefits offered under JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance Gift, readers are reminded that it will be necessary to show that they purchased JOHN BULL whilst away, and that before leaving they instructed their newsagent to recommence the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL immediately on their return.

There is no possibility of seeing such foes beforehand. They do, quite literally, steal in like thieves in the night, as Mrs. A. A. Codling, of Glebe Farm, Winteringham, Scunthorpe, proved when suddenly surprised by diphtheria. Happily science allied to medical skill has now reduced the death-dealing properties of such foes to a minimum.

But there are conditions to be fulfilled. The patient must at once be isolated. She can no longer do her work nor attend to the wants of her family. She must have a good doctor and the most skilful nursing, and even should these be supplied through an institution it still means personal expense.

Their one friend

That is one of the cruellest aspects of illness in working-class homes. Gnawing care as to pounds, shillings and pence must be added to anxiety for the life of the patients.

It is just here, in such cases, that JOHN BULL proves a real protection to registered readers. In every case instanced the housewife had shown enough foresight to place a regular order and become a registered reader. The cheques each received removed anxiety and made recovery easier.

RASHES



Mrs. G. H. Brazier, of 2, Bucknalls Cottages, Deal, writes:—"My little boy, age 5, has a very fair and sensitive skin. Not many weeks ago he became covered with a fierce rash, which irritated considerably. I warmed a tin of your Germolene till it was almost liquid and then smothered my little one with the soothing balm, and I was so thankful to see that he spent a restful night. The unsightly rash, which spread even to between his toes and the roots of his hair, was practically gone by the next day. I wish all mothers would test the value of Germolene."

The Germolene Treatments Book free with every tin, tells you what to do for:—

**ULCERS — ECZEMA — PILES
BAD LEG — BURNS — SCALDS
CUTS — SUNBURN, etc.**
Get a Tin to-morrow.



HEADACHE

The quick and safe way to get rid of a Headache is to take one or two Antikamnia Tablets—the wonderful pain banishing remedy which doctors and dentists have been prescribing for over 35 years. Antikamnia also dispels Neuralgia, Toothache, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago, Sciatica and other pains and aches from which people commonly suffer, especially women. It allays restlessness, overcomes insomnia and induces natural refreshing sleep by soothing and comforting the nerves. Millions used annually. Prices 1/3, 8/- and 7/6. A-K on every Tablet. Write for Free Sample.

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Please send me free of all cost Trial package

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Human Documents

A Philandering Cad

Christianity!—Mistaken Duty—Scandal-mongers

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

LAST Boxing Day, in the crush leaving a theatre, I was temporarily separated from my daughter, who is only nineteen years of age. She told me afterwards that she had got into conversation with a man of about forty, who had asked for her business address and promised to drive her home the next evening in his car.

"I did not at all approve of this, but my daughter overruled my objections, and on several occasions after that they went out driving together in the evening and on early-closing days.

"Wishing to be assured that everything was above board, I invited the man to tea one Sunday. I spoke frankly to him in my daughter's absence and found to my dismay that, while he wished to remain on friendly terms with her, he could not consider marrying her, as he was a Jew and his people would strongly object to his marrying outside his race.

"My daughter is rather headstrong and I did not wish to drive her into deceitfulness or open antagonism to my wishes by being too severe, so I did not forbid her to associate further with this man, but merely stipulated that she was to return home at a reasonable time, say not later than 10.30 p.m.

"I am sorry to say that my wishes in this respect have been disregarded by both of them and repeatedly my daughter has come back well after midnight.

"After a serious talk with my daughter I have got her to admit that this Jew with whom she spends so much of her spare time motoring has gone further in displaying his amorous inclinations than should be permitted by nice-minded people, and I am very much afraid that her head has been completely turned, although she must know that there is no prospect of marriage.

"I am sorry to say, too, that she has deceived me by corresponding secretly with him, using her business address.

"How is it possible for me to put a stop to this philandering which I fear may lead my little girl to disaster?"

"**HUMANIST**" says: Jew or Gentile, a man of that age who engages a young girl's affections knowing that there is an insuperable barrier to his marrying her is a cad. The unfortunate thing is that it may be difficult to make your daughter realise that she is demeaning herself and that by permitting his advances she is encouraging him and others of his kind in the disgraceful idea that any girl over the age of consent is fair game for their amusement. You can only urge her to put an end to an association which may cause her the bitterest regret.

WE have in this town something which I feel is a disgrace to civilisation and religion. At one time I thought the town folk held a good reputation for Christian charity, but in this instance they have sadly belied it.

"Some time ago a poor woman getting on in years had the misfortune to lose her home by fire.

"For a while she was provided with accommodation by a relative who had two young children and who found her presence in the house very useful. Having served her purpose the poor soul was turned adrift.

"She found a temporary refuge with

a woman in poor circumstances, whose heart was moved with compassion, but this charitable effort was frustrated by the landlord on the ground of overcrowding.

"I wrote months ago to a prominent local clergyman in the hope that he might be able to find a single room for her, but up to the present nothing has been done.

"It is not that there is no accommodation available in the town. I know of one professing Christian in particular who has a large house with room to spare who will not let her have lodging.

"At present the poor creature, who has just sufficient means to maintain herself, is actually sleeping out in the open. She is ailing, and I cannot help wondering what the verdict would be if she were to die from exposure.

"She has a horror of the workhouse, and not being entirely penniless apparently she cannot be compelled to go there."

"**HUMANIST**" says: If her relatives refuse to have her and she declines the hospitality of the infirmary, the only thing you can do is to seek someone with a genuine Christian spirit who will offer her shelter. Though one parson has failed you, there are surely others more eager to do their Master's bidding, and the Salvation Army would not refuse assistance if the poor woman is willing to be helped.

I HAVE lived very happily with my husband until recently. A little child has been sent to bless us, and though it is rather a struggle to make ends meet at times we have never had any serious quarrel.

Reluctant Ruth

"Lately, however, everything is being upset by his parents, who, I am sorry to say, seem to lead a cat-and-dog sort of life.

"Whenever they have an upset my mother-in-law comes running round to our house to tell all her troubles to her son, and she seems to be infecting us with her own complaints.

"For some time now my husband has seemed to be getting distant with me, and I cannot help feeling that he thinks more of his mother now than he does of his wife and child.

"I think it is altogether wrong that he should allow his mother to take first place in everything and make a barrier between us, and if things go on like this much longer I shall begin to feel inclined to leave him to her altogether.

"Don't you think I would be doing right?"

"**HUMANIST**" says: I don't. If your mother-in-law's life is so unhappy as you describe, to whom should she go for help and sympathy if not to her son? Try to show her a little sympathy yourself. The barrier may be largely of your own making and your friendship might be a great consolation to your harassed mother-in-law.

Living Agony

THERE are many men suffering from disabilities for which the Ministry of Pensions refuses to accept any responsibility. Their hard lot can be lightened by subscriptions sent to "The Greatest of These—" Fund. (See page 34).

SOME time ago I became friendly with some neighbours who were not getting on very well together, husband and wife always quarrelling, and I set myself out to do what I could by helping the woman with her housework.

Mistaken Motives

"Many times I heard her husband tell her to clear out with the children as he had no more use for her, and I did my best to draw them together again. In the end my attempts to reconcile them proved useless and she left him.

"After staying with me a few days she left to go and earn her own living, and for a time I heard nothing more of her. Then one day I got a letter asking me to go and see her, and I found that she was doing well by herself, and did not wish her husband to know where she was.

"Thinking that they might perhaps be brought together again I told her husband where she was living.

"I acted with the best of motives, but the woman took it very badly and now she has turned against me and has put it about that I was the cause of their separation.

"People in this small place always seem ready to believe the worst, and though I am quite innocent of anything wrong I feel I cannot stand the strain.

"I am thinking of going somewhere else to live to escape from it."

"**HUMANIST**" says: It is very unfortunate indeed that your motives should have been mistaken, but to run away would only lead ill-natured people to say that your flight confirmed their suspicions.

Living it Down

"A boy working in our factory came from a reformatory and the other boys make his life a misery by reminding him of it. He is afraid that the 'boss' will get to know and sack him. Is there any way to make them bold their tongue?"

"**HUMANIST**" says: The simplest thing surely is for the boy to tell his employer that he was once in a reformatory. If he is doing good work now it is all the more to his credit, and his master is more likely to promote him than to discharge him.

Lost Faith

"I am a Baptist minister, but for the last twelve months I have been forced to realise that I no longer believe what I preach. In fact, I do not seem to believe anything. Do you think I should continue as a pastor, or give it up and try some other work?"

"**HUMANIST**" says: Why give up your work as a pastor? Probably many of your flock have the same perplexities. "There lives more faith in honest doubt..." You know the rest. In helping others to seek the truth you will probably find it yourself.

Dope

"When my friend introduced me to her fiancé recently, I realised at once that he was a dope maniac. She knows nothing of such things and I wonder whether I should enlighten her? She is very much in love with him."

"**HUMANIST**" says: A drug addict may be a very good man, and the only thing that is likely to cure him is the love of a good woman. Warn her of her danger and encourage her to save the man she loves.

S. A. BARRY & CO., LTD., THE WORLD FAMOUS TAILORS, having so repeatedly been approached by their clients with enquiries for Ladies' Weatherproof wear, have at last decided to put on the market a Lady's Art Silk Weatherproof Coat of a very superior quality.

The **'BARISELLA'**

LONDON'S SMARTEST RAIN REPELLER

THE MOST EFFICIENT LADIES' ART SILK WATERPROOF COAT

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PRICE **20'** POST PAID

(BUT WORTH DOUBLE.)

Guaranteed Hand-made throughout and impervious to Storm, Deluge and Tempest, it is a garment of which any lady may be proud.

Must in no way be confused with the cheap low quality coats now offered elsewhere.

Send for free patterns of beautiful art shades in Mauve, Green, Rose, Navy, Sage Blue, Red, Purple, etc. You will be delighted with the choice range which we will send you per return.

SEND NO MONEY.

Address your Enquiry to Ladies' Dept.

Satisfaction guaranteed or we refund your money plus 1/- indemnity.



THE NEW AND IMPROVED

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For LIMITED PERIOD ONLY

25/6 POST PAID

Or by "Cash on Delivery" System if preferred.

To cope with the demand for a reliable weatherproof coat for holiday use, the Barry Service now place on the market "The Barrico," "Summer Type."

Every garment is interlined with the famous "Norsark" oil-skin, which backs the whole of the excellent gabardine cloth from edge to edge, including sleeves, rendering the garment impervious to rain, sleet or hail. A high grade broad check lining gives a most dressy finish to the coat.

Free of all rubber, hygienic and odourless, it is the finest value ever offered in men's weatherproof wear.

Post us your remittance for 25/6 for the Barrico (Summer Type), giving us your height and size round chest, over waistcoat, stating whether BLUE or FAWN SHADE IS PREFERRED.



GABARDINE OIL-SKIN CHECK - LINING NO PATTERNS SENT OF THE BARRICO.

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000 GUARANTEED LONDON SHRUNK D.B. SILVER GREY FLANNEL SUIT TO MEASURE **£2:6:6**

AN INDIGO DYED LONDON SHRUNK TWO-FOLD PURE WORSTED YARN. 100% ALL WOOL BLUE SERGE SUIT TO MEASURE FOR **£3:3:0**

Cut and tailored to perfection by skilled craftsmen who have spent a whole lifetime with us in the Tailoring Art.

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With free patterns we forward self-measure chart enabling you to measure yourself with an accuracy rivaling that of the qualified tailor.

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BE SURE your mouth is clean when you go to the surgery. No special effort is necessary, just the timely use of Wrigley's Chewing Sweets. They clean the teeth, sweeten the breath and, by their delightful antiseptic action, make your mouth as clean as the doctor keeps his.

Wrigley's is good for the digestion too. It is particularly beneficial after meals—as your doctor and dentist will tell you.

The sweet of good taste—used everywhere by people of refinement.



Daily Mishaps Make Zam-Buk A DAILY NEED

Zam-Buk always proves a splendid first-aid in the home. Mrs. E. Barker, of 2, Burns Street, Oldham, says: "Eva crushed her finger in a mangle. The injury festered and became terribly inflamed. Zam-Buk worked wonders, easing the throbbing pains and drawing out all bad matter. The finger then healed with new healthy skin."

"Another time, Zam-Buk cleansed and healed May's poisoned foot and quickly healed Harriet's burns."

FREE! Send Postcard (rd. stamp) to Zam-Buk, Leeds, for free samples of Balm & Medicinal Soap. Mention "J.B." 3/9/27.

100,000 FRUGS GIVEN AWAY

This phenomenal offer is made to the readers of John Bull. On receipt of P.O. for 10/6 (extra) we will forward direct from our looms to your address one of our "Prudential" Brussels Carpets (GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS).

Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, &c., in Turkey patterns, and fashionable shades of Crimson, Green, Blue and Art Colourings to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. These Carpets with FREE FRUGS will be sent out as Sample Carpets. They are made of material equal to wool, and can only be obtained direct from our looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and unsolicited Testimonials received. With every Carpet we shall absolutely give away a handsome Rug to match. Also Bargain Cat. of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Blankets, Curtains, &c., Post Free. F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. J.B.), Woodley Road, LEEDS.

IMPORTANT To all sufferers from CATARRH

Deafness, Asthma, Ear Noises, Hay Fever.

Hundreds of men and women who in the past suffered from Catarrh, Deafness, Asthma and similar distressing ailments—but who suffer no longer—testify to the wonderful cures effected by the use in their own homes of the late Sir Hiram Maxim's Inhaler. Yet many thousands who still suffer hesitate to send for this wonderful invention because they are in doubt whether it would effect a cure in their case.

OUR NEW OFFER

On receipt of P.O. for 2/6, we will send you one of these Maxim Inhaler Sets. Use it for seven days. If it does not bring you relief, send it back to us unbroken and we will refund your money. If you obtain benefit from it, as we know you will, then send us the balance of 5/-. Only new and unused Inhalers are issued by us. Every set returned is destroyed and means a dead loss to us.

If you would prefer to have our booklet, the "Home Doctor," first, we will send it FREE on receipt of your name and address. It tells in their own words the experience of those who have used the Inhaler and been cured of Catarrh, Deafness, Hay Fever, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, and Bronchitis. If you suffer from, or are subject to, any of these complaints, this Inhaler will truly surprise you. Its use brings immediate relief and eventual cure. No matter what remedies you have tried before, make up your mind now to suffer no more. Send your P.O. to-day (or write for the booklet). Where other "cures" have entirely failed, this Inhaler has succeeded.

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Please send me Maxim Inhaler Set. I enclose P.O. 2/6, and will either send the balance 5/- or return the set unbroken within 7 days for refund of my deposit.

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ADDRESS

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Our Letter Parliament

Make Blood-Sports Illegal!

Letting Youth Drift—Free Speech—Economy Humbug

I READ with the greatest pleasure Mr. Gardiner's article (JOHN BULL, August 20) exposing the fiendish cruelty of stag-hunting. It is time that such amusements were made definitely illegal. To torment a cat or dog is a punishable offence, but to torment for hours on end a hare, fox, stag or other is merely "sport," and something to be proud of. Why this line of demarcation? Where is English justice.—*Wilfrid P. H. Warner, Torquay.*

Puzzling Decent P oyle

Pigeon shooting was stopped, but deer hunting and fox hunting, which are infinitely worse, are allowed to carry on. Is it not time that we voters insisted on our members of Parliament doing something in this matter? How people can find pleasure in hunting the gentle deer is a genuine puzzle to the average working man.—*J. A. B., Rastwick.*

A Red Coat Qu'bble

It is generally urged by those who seek to excuse the brutality of hunting the stag, that it is a menace to the farmer. If the stags were as numerous as that they would be shot with impunity; yet in Devon and Somerset, to shoot a stag is an unforgivable sin. Every kindly-disposed person should send A. G. Gardiner's article to his parliamentary representative with a request for prompt and effective action.—*H. S., Lancaster.*

Blood Lust

Once in Somerset I witnessed the "kill" at a stag hunt. The stag followed by hounds and huntsmen had careered up a steep incline into a wood, and then down again, and was brought to bay in the angle of two walls. There it stood panting, too tired to defend itself, and the foremost hounds sprang at its throat. Blood flowed copiously from the gashes their fangs had made, till a huntsman arrived and gave the *coup de grace* with a knife. It was a sickening sight.—*Charles Wilson, Preston.*

Leisured Brutes

One would have thought that the years 1914-1918 were fraught with sufficient carnage to satisfy the most bloodthirsty, but, perhaps, our modern stag-slaughterers were not at the war. That seems the only reasonable excuse for the excesses of the leisured brutes who slay so wantonly in time of peace.—*M. B. F., Sunderland.*

With Pleasure!

How any man can take part in such a disgusting and horrible affair as stag-hunting, and, when the Sabbath day comes round have the inconsistency to preach the Word of God, is incomprehensible. Has the Bishop of Taunton a single word to say in his defence? If he has, I am sure the Editor will give him the opportunity to do so.—*Maurice Mansfield, Aberbeeg.*

Let Taunton Tell!

It is astounding to think that any of our clergy can stoop to such a barbarous game as hunting an innocent animal to death. I hope the people of Taunton will tell their Bishop very pointedly what they think of him.—*Wilfred Butler, Hull.*

Not Real Christians

"Is the Bishop Ashamed?" A. G. G. asks. Emphatically no! Why should he be ashamed of hunting a stag when his colleagues in all Churches were not ashamed to forsake their calling and Christ's teaching during the war and become self-appointed recruiting sergeants hunting our boys to death in Flanders?—*Mother, Renfrewshire.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

The Idle Apprentice

In his article, "Does No One Care?" (JOHN BULL, August 20), Mr. E. R. Thompson omits to mention one all-important factor, namely, the passing of the apprenticeship system, which annually absorbed many thousands of juveniles, particularly boys. Years ago, employers article apprentices as a matter of course; nowadays the system appears to have lapsed. When broached on the subject many employers query the sense of training boys, who probably later on fill American workshops, to the detriment of British trade.—*F. J. R., Nottingham.*

Young Drifters

At an elementary school last session, twelve boys left, each with a good character, and faced the world with the hope of obtaining suitable employment. One of the boys has obtained a job at selling newspapers and another on a milk float at 5s. per week. The other ten are still tramping the streets "looking for work." To use Mr. E. Roffe Thompson's words, "Surely the proud British nation can do better with its children than that?"—*Anxious father, Salford.*

Feudalism Must Go!

Sir George Courthope explains, but fails to vindicate, the last surviving relic of feudalism. Individual ownership of the soil being wrong in principle, centuries of perpetuation cannot make it right in other than the strictly legal sense. The present archaic laws governing land tenure must be swept aside; they have too long militated against the welfare of the masses.—*J. H. F., Streatham.*

A Free Press

In what other paper would you find such an article with such a title as "I Disagree with the Editor"? JOHN BULL more than lives up to its reputation for giving an open platform to all shades of opinion. It is the only paper that the man in the street can rely upon for having all sides of any public question fairly and sanely discussed. "J. B." might be termed the paper without a party, and as such, it is the paper for the man who thinks.—*G. G. G., Norwich.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-Crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"EFFICIENCY MAGAZINE"—The oldest firm in Great Britain is the . . . Company. But there are a few smaller firms WHICH ARE STILL OLDER."

"EASTBOURNE HERALD"—There are two foods which should be specially mentioned, milk and sugar. . . . The latter is FISH-FORMING.

"DAILY EXPRESS"—"I saw a book-maker JINGLE AN EMPTY BAG."

"STAR"—"The force will soon be turned out in well-creased trousers and TAILOR PRESSED PACKETS."

"BARROW MAIL"—"Her bouquet was of cream roses and ASPARAGUS."

"TONBRIDGE FREE PRESS"—"It was sealed with red wax on which only THREE letters are decipherable. These look like O.C.A.L."

"MID-DEVON TIMES"—"An open-air service was held at the Fountain and ALSO IN THE TEMPERANCE HALL."

A Tribute

In reading your valuable paper I am strongly reminded of Charles Dickens who fought so vigorously against the social evils of his time. The only difference is that you do not disguise your facts as fiction.—*D. B., Derby.*

Healthy Lovers

Mr. Arnold Freeman Holt in "Spank the Bridegroom" (JOHN BULL, August 20) advocates the raising of the marriage age to prevent early, improvident unions. It would be better to legislate slum areas out of existence. Decent housing, open spaces, playing fields, fresh air and sunlight will do more to aid morality than restricting individual freedom.—*H. Connor, Brighton.*

An Unfair Subsidy

Pudsey Corporation are building houses to rent at 5s. a week and hope to make a profit. Seeing that the Government give a subsidy of £9 and the Corporation £4 10s., the economic rent is over 10s. a week. Is it fair that occupants of such houses should have half their rents paid by others who are already paying full rents for the houses they themselves occupy?—*C. J., Leeds.*

Maimed Motorists

In a recent action for damages against a motorist it transpired he was eighty years old, almost blind in one eye, was minus several fingers and had only a few weeks' experience of driving! The judge expressed surprise at his being granted a licence to drive and was informed that you can get a licence even if blind, deaf and dumb. I know of no other defect in the law calling more urgently for amendment.—*Safety, Plaistow.*

The Cheaper Cell

The Report of the Central Association for the Aid of Discharged Convicts says "we have to handle a number of men who have no intention to live an honest life." The reason is not far to seek—"Some of them are suffering from senile decay. Many of them are quite unable to earn an honest living, but prefer prison to the union. 'It is quiet and you are better fed,' and 'whilst there is a jail in the country, I will never go into the workhouse.'" There is something radically wrong when prison is more hospitable than the union.—*J. C. C., Lincoln.*

Strange Economy

The Ministry of Transport and the Ministry of Health are handing out promises of economy on one side and adding to the number of superfluous officials on the other. They have sent their inspector to Uppingham to persuade the council not to combine the post of sanitary inspector with that of surveyor, despite the fact that the council speaks highly of the services in the dual capacity already rendered by their candidate, and that the dual appointment will save the taxpayer approximately £300 per annum.—*P. J. Boyd, Peterborough.*

Millstones on Whe ls

I am writing on behalf of the London taxidriviers to express our thanks and appreciation for the article under the above heading published in your journal. It places before the public the true facts of the case. The fares for all other passenger-carrying vehicles are not less than 50 per cent. above pre-war rate. The cab hirings have only increased by 3 per cent. since the operation of the new fare. The books of the employers show a reduction in the wages of the drivers of 12s. per week.—*L. Russell, Cab Section, Transport and General Workers' Union.*

B. D. V

Score



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Furniture on 40 months' credit— & No Deposit—is fine, Mr. Drage

Mr. EVERYMAN: Furniture on 40 months' credit and no deposit, that's fine, Mr. Drage.

Mr. DRAGE: I am glad you think so, Mr. Everyman.

Mr. EVERYMAN: Yes, and by the crowd in your showrooms all the world is thinking so, too.

Mr. DRAGE: Only the part of the world that is worth while—not the spoilt darlings of fortune—but just quiet home-loving folk—the kind I understand and specially like to meet.

Mr. EVERYMAN: Well, my order comes to £90. I've got 40 months in which to pay—that's three years and four months. How much am I to pay now and how much each month afterwards?

Mr. DRAGE: Well, that's simple arithmetic—like going back to school again. Take your £90 and divide it by 40—that's 45/- per month. Pay if you please 45/- now and the furniture will all be delivered in, say, two days from now.

Mr. EVERYMAN: That's fine, Mr. Drage. How do I pay each month? Do I make the payment here, or post it on?

Mr. DRAGE: Whatever suits you—if passing bring it in, or post it at the beginning of each month.

Mr. EVERYMAN: So far I've not mentioned my references, Mr. Drage.

Mr. DRAGE: And I shall be obliged if you don't mention them. References are quite contrary to the confidential spirit of the Drage Way.

Mr. EVERYMAN: With the three years and four months' credit do I get your Drage protection?

Mr. DRAGE: Certainly, every customer gets it. Here is yours—a written guarantee that in case misfortune prevents you continuing your payments, you may keep what you have paid for less an agreed reasonable deduction for use and cartage.

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be" a leading Football Accountants. Note we
have no London address.

CAN BOOK LAW BE BEATEN?

Tattoo Suggested as a Stayer likely to Beat Lord Astor's Filly—
Bonny Boy II.—This Week's Big Handicaps—Nurseries or
Schools for Rogues?—"Atty" Persse's Youngsters

IF ever I am elected to the Jockey Club I shall suggest that our Classic races and the most important handicaps be run on Saturdays instead of Wednesdays. A selfish proposal, perhaps, but it will give me a chance of summing up these races a few days before they are decided.

NOW for my last words on the Leger. I have no desire to put any JOHN BULL reader off Book Law. Lord Astor's charming filly was my selection for the Oaks, and there is no denying that she was terribly unlucky to lose by a head.

SINCE then Book Law has gone from strength to strength and she has every right to her position at the head of the market. However, I am passing her over. So far the St. Leger, like the Derby, has always eluded Lord Astor and on this occasion I think he will find that there is at least one horse in the field endowed with better stamina.

I GAVE my reason for fancying Chantrey, and I should have gone outright for Mr. Singer's colt but for the mishap which caused his untimely end. For some time past I have had very good reports of Tattoo—a Galloper Light three-year-old. This sire's stock take after the colts and fillies by Swynford and mature late. As one likely to be on the 100 to 6 mark I suggest Tattoo each-way, and I leave the second berth for Book Law. If there is another Royal Lancer in the race it is quite likely to be Gilpin's Bonny Boy II. This one can stay for ever.

THIS week's important handicap—The Prince Edward Handicap—has cut up badly but it should provide an interesting race if the nine acceptors go to the post. On the "Ebor" running, Poet looks good, but the going at York was very soft, and not likely to prove a reliable guide for future events. I think we might give Alacrity another chance in the Prince Edward.

TOMMY WESTON'S mount ran a good race in the "Ebor," was placed fourth for some time, and wisely eased when pursuit of the bottom weight was hopeless. He finished nearer last than first, but this is not a true index of his best form.

ORBINDOS is still climbing the handicap ladder. Eight stone ten in the Peveril of the Peak Plate at Derby is a considerable rise from six eight in the Lincoln. However, I cannot see what is to beat Gwilt's honest four-year-old. Abbot's Smile might be backed each way.

SEPTEMBER one introduces us to that delightful period of the year, the nursery season. Cynics say that a better name for the nurseries is schools for rogues. I must say it is not easy for punters to match wits with trainers who run two-year-olds down the course during the first half of the season with these events in view, but I do not think this stunt is as prevalent now as in the bad old days.



E. D. Gwilt, the
trainer of Orbindos

"Soccer" Selections

WEEK END COUPS.

6 HOME.—Portsmouth, Notts Forest, Swansea, West Bromwich, Bradford C., Glasgow Rangers.

5 HOME.—Middlesbrough, Preston, Bradford C., Millwall, Swindon.

4 HOME.—Bolton, Manchester C., West Bromwich, Glasgow Rangers.

3 AWAY.—Huddersfield, Plymouth, Motherwell.

3 DRAWS.—Burnley v. Bury, Rochdale v. Nelson, Queen's Park v. Aberdeen.

3 HOME, 2 AWAY, 1 Notts Forest, West Bromwich, Bradford C., Notts Co., Plymouth.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Glasgow Rangers, Celtic, Leeds v. Southampton.

SPECIAL 5 HOME (League I. & II.).—Middlesbrough, Portsmouth, Notts Forest, Swansea, West Bromwich.

FOOTCASTS FOR SEPTEMBER 10.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION I.

HOME WINNERS.—Aston Villa, Blackburn, Derby, Everton, Sheffield U., Sunderland, West Ham.

AWAY WINNERS.—Bolton.

DRAWS.—Cardiff v. Middlesbrough, Manchester U. v. Newcastle U., Tottenham v. Huddersfield.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION II.

HOME WINNERS.—Blackpool, Grimsby, Leeds, Notts Co., Oldham.

AWAY WINNERS.—Manchester C., Preston, West Bromwich.

DRAWS.—Barnsley v. Swansea, Fulham v. Chelsea, Port Vale v. Hull.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (Northern).

HOME WINNERS.—Barrow, Bradford, Crewe, Darlington, Doncaster, Nelson, Stockport, Tranmere.

AWAY WINNERS.—Lincoln, Rochdale.

DRAW.—Halifax v. Bradford C.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (Southern).

HOME WINNERS.—Bournemouth, Brighton, Bristol R., Northampton, Norwich, Plymouth, Southend.

AWAY WINNERS.—Newport, Swindon.

DRAWS.—Merthyr v. Watfall, Queen's Park Rangers v. Brentford.

THE SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

HOME WINNERS.—Aberdeen, Airdrie, Celtic, Cowdenbeath, Hearts, Motherwell, St. Mirren.

AWAY WINNERS.—Dundee.

DRAWS.—Partick v. Glasgow Rangers, St. Johnstone v. Clyde.

MY advice to punters who cannot leave these tricky races alone is follow the lightly-weighted winners in spite of the penalties they pick up. More often than not they run up a sequence of wins. For a start, I think Golden Araby will find it difficult to give a stone and a half to Frankly in the Devonshire Nursery. Frankly represents Pobieda at 7st. 13lb. in this event.

GUARDS' PARADE is a nailing good colt, and ought not be missed for the "Palatine" at Manchester. However,

Hot Dogs to Follow

THE time is arriving when certain dogs, who have displayed distinct improvement of late should be confidentially supported. Among these, at the White City, are North Hammersmith, Hot Pickles, Broken Beans, Queen Shot and Toll Collector.

IN the Manchester district there are Sudbourne Emily, Lissom Rustler, Beppo, Grange Girl and Babbling Brook; and at least three of these should win at a good price.

IN the same category, in the Sheffield kennels, are Gill Trap, Ethel P, The

THE GREAT KICK OFF

Best Football Results in

"The Sporting Life"
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as he will probably be odds on I suggest a modest each-way wager on Sir Abe Bailey's Acrasia. I saw this filly beat a field of thirty at Newmarket early in the season, including Jack Mytton and a number of useful youngsters.

WOOLHAMPTON is my sheet anchor for the Wilton Nursery on Saturday. This youngster put up a great fight in the Gimcrack Stakes at York against Black Watch and Co. and finished fourth. The Wilton is over the Gimcrack distance—six furlongs—and the opposition is entirely another class.

BLACK WATCH won the Gimcrack, as I expected, but I was not convinced by his win. If, as the result of the race suggests, that the Celandine colt is within a neck of Mr. Neumann's youngster, O'Curry, who slammed the Celandine colt, must be very useful. In fact, "Atty" Persse, trainer of O'Curry, Peace and Plenty and Tetraglass, has a useful trio which should be backed if risked in nursery races.

A GREATLY improved horse is Sosie, who seemed to have lost all form since coming from France until quite recently. The solution of the mystery is that in France the son of Bachelor's Double was used to sand gallops, and his great improvement in this country coincided with his entry into a Scottish stable where he was trained on similar ground. Sosie is worth following to the end of the season.

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Chronicle Mid-day Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail, Leeds Mid-day Sporting Special, Birmingham Mail.

J 2 U H I Q S Z O V G W P T

N Y D A M B C R L K X E 3 F

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be. CAMIJJILZ would read SHIAN MOR.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, August 31, to Tuesday, September 6.

Roarer, Weary Waiting, Corinthian Prudent Pat and Young Sam.

KETTELL OF FISII, at Blackpool, is now almost at the top of his form, as also are Star Turn, Speed Lady, Another Klinker, Glaring Gold and Master Macree.

ON the Liverpool (Stanley) track winning honours should soon be obtained by Fine Gold, Scatterer Ranger, Noble Hope, Rossini, Captured Rebel and Miss Bell.

AT Liverpool (Breck) Black Nell, Show Plant, Dick from Pert, King's Path, Kilnamona Lass, Abbot of Jervaux, Hat Trick and Springfield Subaltern are distinctly promising.

THERE are several attractive positions at Hull, such as Scarlet Rambler, Perfect Pitcher, Master Adams, Wee Lad and Dry Lemon.

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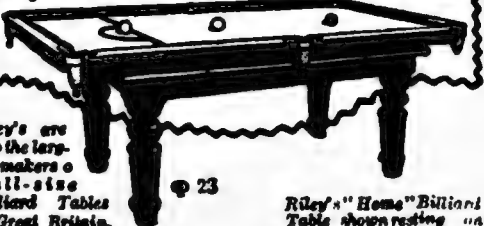
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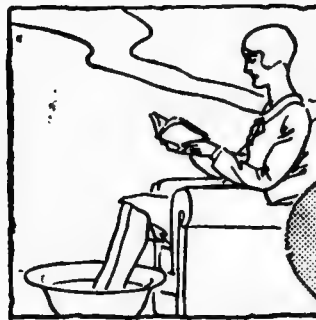
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You can use my name if you wish."
Mrs. Bessie Elliott-Winn.
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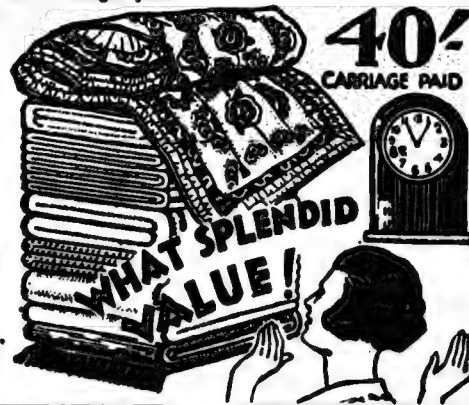
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JOHN BULL Replies

WHAT'S worrying you? Don't brood over it and grouse about the hard world. A letter to JOHN BULL's Free Advice Service, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope, will put your worry on to the right shoulders. Don't worry! Let our experts worry for you. It's their job to advise you. Write to them to-day.



THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

A. M. (Chester).—"I feel for the poor." In your pocket?

A. B. (Northampton).—"Man is only dust." Yet he doesn't always settle.

H. H. (Sutton).—"There's not enough music in London." There are plenty of shaps and flats.

V. T. (Enfield).—"I'll have to finish now as my pencil has no point." Neither has your letter.

S. A. (Cairns).—"Nothing is really lost." Our umbrella has stayed away for a very long time, anyway.

F. H. (Herne Hill).—"I saw you were travelling first-class." Yes, thanks. How were you?

L. L. (Woking).—"Very few humorists are funny in private life." Why "in private life"?

"ANTI-SWINDLE" (Leeds).—"Many a man gives £50 for a two-seater that won't go." That's a standing joke.

B. G. A. (Halifax).—"When I began I had nothing but my wits to help me." That was a small beginning.

Mrs. A. (Kew).—"I trust you will entertain my proposal." On the contrary, it entertained us.

H. K. (Manchester).—"I am manufacturing a very good line in fly paper." Stick to it!

C. E. (Henley-on-Thames).—"Herrings are a fish very subject to disease." They can always cure them at Yarmouth.

ELLA (Preston).—"My fiancé says he always wanted to marry brains and beauty." That's a very polite method of breaking it off.

W. H. P. (Thames Ditton).—"I love to see an eight sitting evenly in their boat as they swing it along the tideway." All in a row, so to speak.

R. W. (Mansfield).—"This long letter is the result of a sleepless night, of which I have many, though I get plenty of insomnia cures sent me by friends." We get lots, too, and have now added yours to our collection.

S. C. G. (Reigate).—"I am equally fond of two girls—if I marry one of them, how can I be sure she will be the right one?" Because the other will be the left one.

A. Y. (Tenby).—"Though I've always been a teetotaler, the doctor has now induced me to take a little spirit in a glass of milk every morning." That's rum, isn't it?

J. D. (Sittingbourne).—"It's wonderful when you fall in love how everything looks quite different to one." The same effect can be got by falling into a coal hole, and it's much cheaper.

G. M. (St. Malo).—"The present generation has no appreciation of old age." No. We are returning your jokes.

G. N. (London, S.W.).—"Laundries shrink from advertising." They shrink, anyway.

W. P. (Matlock).—"I am willing to do my duty as I see it." But is your eyesight all right?

T. N. (Leicester).—"My neighbour plays the saxophone horribly." There's no other way it can be played.

T. D. (Luton).—"My violin was out of tune." You must have been fiddling with it.

R. C. (Sheffield).—"Women are nervous when learning to drive a car." So are the pedestrians.

D. N. (Stratford-on-Avon).—"Girls should take a back seat." Ever seen a pillion in front?

F. N. E. (West Ham).—"My wife makes all her own clothes." Yet she shouldn't be overworked!

E. D. (Walton).—"Can anything grow after death?" Yes, fish after they are caught.

W. S. H. (Westcliff).—"Water-power is a tremendous force." When it takes the form of a woman's tears.

I. P. (Nottingham).—"Greyhound racing has brought a change into my life." And taken it out of your pocket?

W. Y. (Crewe).—"My salary is not what it should be." You might starve if it were.

A. S. (Thornaby).—"I am making a living." But are you making life worth living?

O. W. P. (Hunstanton).—"Who are the best linguists?" Doctors. They are acquainted with many tongues.

G. N. (Harrow).—"I was groping in the dark." Couldn't find your seat at the pictures?

V. W. (Liverpool).—"My wife has plenty of brains." Then, as couples go, your united intelligence is up to the average.

D. V. (Canterbury).—"The character can be told by the nose." A recently flattened one indicates too much curiosity.

W. H. (Dover).—"I proposed to her on the edge of the cliff and she accepted me." How lucky for you she didn't throw you over.

O. S. (Burnley).—"A millionaire has taken to writing verse." He has no right to poach upon the preserves of the poor.

F. R. (Shepherd's Bush).—"Have you a man with one leg named Francis in your office?" What's the name of his other leg?

S. T. (Totnes).—"I am confined in an asylum and yet I am as sane as any Cabinet Minister." Now we know why you are there!

J. A. (Worthing).—"Any husband would object to pay for dresses his wife bought before marriage." True; mice shouldn't be asked to pay for the traps in which they were caught.

O. F. D. (Wanstead).—"I have had my watch quite forty years, and it has never been either lost or stolen." We also had one that wouldn't go, but we didn't keep it as long as that.

M. N. (Wimbledon).—"I live to learn." Better learn to live.

H. S. (Cherley).—"I won't go back." Can't you settle there?

S. W. (Northenden).—"I am on the track." You're a bit of a dog!

J. W. (Warwick).—"Do you black your own boots?" Not the brown pair.

W. L. (Richmond).—"I never wear a hat." Beware of woodpeckers.

G. M. (Matlock).—"I have a serious complaint." Then what you want is a doctor not an editor.

Mrs. K. (Kilburn).—"She said the cat would be fine for rats and it hasn't caught one." Then it is fine for the rats.

B. E. C. (Audenshaw).—"What is a 'peace offering'?" Anything from a twopenny bunch of violets to a diamond tiara.

ELSIE (Barnstaple).—"If you don't send me a good, long answer this time I'll never write again." O!

P. W. A. (Carshalton).—"I make a study of how M.P.s speak." But have you discovered why?

T. T. (Crediton).—"Women are very changeable." Depends on the extent of their wardrobe.

BERTIE (Earl's Court).—"I held a nice hand at cards the other night." Do you play with one hand, then?

Miss L. (Morden).—"It is very hard indeed to part." Especially when the head is bald.

M. G. (Holbeck).—"I want to get up a poultry show round here." Then you are going to egg on your neighbours.

B. A. D. (Nettlestead).—"Now the doctors give me hope." You're lucky. Most doctors give nothing. They charge.

E. P. (Broadstairs).—"There is a rush to get on the tennis-court first in the morning." First come first serve.

T. Y. (Birkenhead).—"The audience wouldn't leave the hall after I had sung." Why should they—after you had sung?

F. E. (Hull).—"If I win one of those Bullets Tanners, I shall pay my income tax." Honest fellow! Why not win the £250 and start paying off the National Debt?

V. W. (Swansea).—"He gave the cloak-room attendant five bob." Probably the umbrella was worth it.

N. J. (Stockwell).—"What is meant by common law?" "Shut up, or I'll punch your blooming head!"

STUDENT (Bexhill).—"What is necessary to become an astronomer?" A big telescope and a bigger imagination.

W. G. (Altrincham).—"My wife has a sore throat, and can't speak. What will cure her?" Seriously, now, do you want to know?

BETA (Virginia Water).—"My friends tell me I am very temperamental." That's because they're too polite to call you disagreeable.

M. J. (Leicester).—"Londoners must live on amusements." It certainly seems possible to go into almost any street and take your pick.

G. G. (Hampstead).—"I saw one of your workpeople married last week." We do not hold ourselves responsible for accidents incurred after business hours.

H. D. (Stirling).—"I like a play full of clean humour." That's pure nonsense.

S. N. (Dalton).—"What can a man do if his wife throws his suits out of doors?" Make her follow suit.

O. R. (Manchester).—"My new business is going like clock work." Then it will soon need winding up.

Mrs. P. (Hampstead).—"We intend to have one baby." As a sample, or a complete family?

MARY (Gosport).—"What can I take for seasickness?" A cross-Channel passage on a squally day.

B. F. (Nulley).—"I insist on my boys finding openings for themselves." Then you won't be surprised if they get in a hole.

S. T. (Ascol).—"Faith cures never yet cured anything." Except faith in faith cures.

Mrs. A. (Didsbury).—"No one ever succeeds in taking a good photo of me." They can't make a speaking likeness.

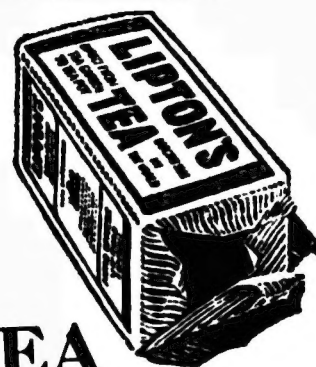
JESSIE F. (Crowborough).—"The man I marry will have to be blindly in love with me." He certainly will be.

B. M. (Eltham).—"Where do all these London road-menders live?" Just now a lot of them have diggings in Piccadilly.

W. H. C. (Farnham).—"I foolishly confided the secret to her, though she has quite a lot of woman friends here."

"PHILOSOPHER" (Edenbridge).—"I tremble when I try to forecast the future of the race." Have you got so much on as all that?

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)



TEA perfectly blended

Lipton's Tea is blended by experts. That is why the fragrant leaves yield a rich liquor of generous flavour. They have been intermingled with fine judgment—some for choice flavour, some for "body," others for point and aroma. A little conspiracy to make your cup of tea a luxury.

LIPTON'S TEA

LIPTON LTD., Tea Planters, Ceylon. Branches and Agencies throughout the World.



FOR SPOTLESS TEETH AND A HEALTHY MOUTH



SEE FOLDER
ENCLOSED. IT
TELLS YOU HOW
TO USE MILTON
FOR THE ABOVE
AND OTHER
PURPOSES.

MILTON—used for cleaning teeth, and as a mouth-wash—is the great safeguard against all germ-caused ills—Pyorrhœa, Sore Throat, Diphtheria and other serious troubles. For Milton instantly kills all disease germs. And it is the only antiseptic which can be used freely without harm to the mouth, the teeth or the throat. It keeps your breath clean and sweet, too.

And if you have false teeth, Milton is the only way of keeping them really clean. You will find that it not only polishes the teeth and makes the gold parts glitter, but that it will completely dissolve every trace of 'film' and food.

If you sleep with your false teeth in, on rising, slip them into a glass (or cup) containing equal parts of Milton and warm water. When you are dressed, rinse them in clean water, and wipe. If you remove your teeth at night, there's an equally effective Overnight Method.

You get Milton from the nearest chemist, for 1/-, 1/6 or 2/6 a bottle.

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ELECTRICAL

Between ourselves—
you CAN'T do better 2/6 & 4/-

The Greatest of These

Counting Her Pennies

A Mother's Struggle for Existence

A PARTICULARLY pathetic instance of the devotion of women to their husbands and children when overtaken by misfortune and sickness, and the desperate efforts made by distracted house-wives and mothers to hold their homes and families together by a mere thread as it were, recently came to our notice.

The woman in question has a husband who, while he was able, carried out his obligations as wage-earner manfully, but some months ago he was laid aside with dropsy and heart disease.

At first there were hopes of his recovery, but they have had to be abandoned, and there is no prospect of his being able to work again.

There is a family of six, only one of whom is able to earn a few shillings. Of the others, one is sorely afflicted and the rest are of tender age.

The amount of relief granted by the guardians is quite inadequate to provide for the needs of such a family, and the poor mother is sadly handicapped in her efforts by the necessity of remaining in almost continual attendance upon her bedridden husband.

It is only at the week-ends when someone else can be left in the house with him that she is able to go out to endeavour to earn a little.

This she does by hawking, but the amount she is able to get in that way is so very small that she has to count every penny and try to make it do the work of a shilling. In such circumstances she has been quite unable to save sufficient to pay for the renewal of her pedlar's licence.

In her distress lest she should be deprived by lack of the licence of her means of eking out the pittance she receives from the parish, she wrote to us imploring a little assistance from "The Greatest of These" Fund.

Our investigations having assured us that the case was a most deserving one, we have helped to lighten her burden.

We hope that those so fortunately placed as to be free from anxiety regarding the feeding and clothing of their own families will help us by their subscriptions to cheer and comfort those who are fainting under such heavy loads of care and anxiety.

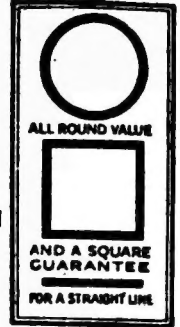
Every penny will be devoted directly to relief.

"The Greatest of These"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL WAR SUFFERERS' FUND. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.1.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

R. R. Woolley, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. S. Nashall, 6d.; Mrs. J. Watkins, 6d.; A. Cobble (Colwyn Bay), 2s.; P. Hoadley (For Luck), 9d.; J. P. Hudson, 6d.; P. C. (Edinburgh), 6d.; Thomas Bell (Glasgow), 1s.; E. H., 2s.; H. Leigh (Sale), 1s.; S. F. D., 1s.; E. Harradon (Devonport), 3s.; G. Bullock, 1s. 6d.; Amicus, 5s.; Mrs. Frost, 1s.; H. Knight, 1s. 6d.; Arthur Smith, 1s.; J. P. Hodges (Rhonda), 1s.; J. J. Gurnett (Southend), 6d.; R. Macdonald (Upper Assam), £1; Bulleteer (Andover), 6d.; Hopeful (Bayswater), 1s.; P. D. (Poole), 10s.; A. T. (Merton), 2s. 6d.; M. S., 1s.; C. R., 9d.; I. Abel, 1s. 3d.; Anon., 2s.; Mrs. Salton (Galscliffe), 2s.; A. Little, 1s.; Mrs. Thompson (M.I.), 5s. 1d.; Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Wilcs (Sydney, N.S.W.), 10s.; Mrs. E. Pagan (Falmouth), 2s. 6d.; Mr. J. G. Reynolds (Wooltham), 5s.; Mr. H. Morgan, 1s.; Thankful, 2s.; S. Crosswood, Junr., 1s.; M. B., 6d.; Mrs. M. Evans, 10s.; J. N. S. M., 1s.; A. Little Help (Kidderminster), 2s. 6d.; L. V., 1s.; Commission 9th, 3s.; A. E. W. (Merton), 5s.; A. Ninth (Sandwich), 2s. 9d.; Thankful (Graham), 2s. 6d.; A. Well Wisher (Derby), 1s.; Thoughtless, 1s.; S. A. G., 1s.; E. Matthews (Wanstead), 3s.; 6d.; J. W. Swan (Guthrie), 6s.; Jessie (Milton Mowbray), 2s.; Again Happy, 3s.; Anon. (Matlock), 6d.; Mr. A. Luce, 1s.; Anon., 5s.; D. Finch, 2s. 6d.; On the 9th, 5d.; W. J. K. (5), 1s.; K. A. B., 2s. 7d.; 6d.; Mrs. L. Burden (Bristol), £1; Mr. A. Matthew (Arbroath), 2s. 6d.; Mr. T. Alfred (Stoke-on-Trent), 2s. 6d.; Irene (Seven Kings), 1s.; Mrs. Eccرتون, 2s.; A. Labourer, 2s. 6d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; J. C. Cannon (East Ham), 1s.; Mr. J. V. Binder, 5s.



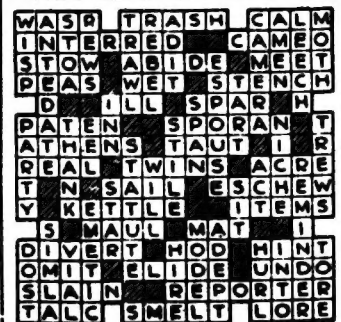
"JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicine and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

Any complaints must reach us within one month of the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final. ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of JOHN BULL.



Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle in our last issue.

This week's puzzle is on page 2.

2% NOW & THE BIKE IS YOURS

MY 1927 LISTS show astonishing reductions in prices of Coventry's Best Bikes. Small deposit gets any model on 14 DAYS' APPROVAL, CARRIAGE PAID. Satisfaction or money refunded. Thousands of testimonials. Write for FREE LISTS showing biggest and best selections of bicycles.

O'Brien's COVENTRY BICYCLES



WIN A BULLETS TENNER!

1ST PRIZE

£250

50 PRIZES OF £1

50 PRIZES OF 10/-

£25

200 5- 500 2/6 6000 TARGET PRIZES

25 PRIZES OF £10-

What Is A "Target?"

WHAT exactly is a "Target" Prize? enquires "J.C.F." (Northampton). "J.C.F." is evidently a new competitor, for most *Bullets* entrants are familiar with these prizes and many a big prize-winner has expressed his appreciation of "Targets" in this column.

A "Target," "J.C.F.," consists of two prize coupons which entitle the winner to enter four *Bullets* without entry-fee. A "Target" Prize is awarded for a *Bullet* which deserves recognition but just fails to reach the cash prize standard. Where there are no "Targets," only those who win cash prizes would know that the merit of their *Bullets* had been recognised.

A "Target" coupon is judged with the same scrupulous care that all other coupons receive. It can bring the entrant anything from a First Prize to another "Target," according to the merit of the *Bullet* upon it.

"The path to success in *Bullets* is paved with 'Target' prizes," writes Mr. D. E. Goffon, of 6, The Gardens, Fife. Mr. Goffon ought to know, for after winning occasional small cash prizes and countless "Targets," he has at last reached his goal—a £250 First Prize in Competition No. 646.

Another Half Century!

Novel and attractive prize lists... prompt results... lengthy lists of prize-winners—these are the reasons why we are able today to announce our 650th *Bullets* contest. Next week's sensational offer is worthy of the occasion—it will bring you a doubled opportunity of winning a £250 First Prize of £1,000.

This astounding new departure in prize lists, offering two First Prizes of £1,000 each, is without parallel in nearly fourteen years of huge *Bullets* prizes. Don't miss *Bullets* Big Twins!

ADVANCE EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 650.

CLERK OF THE WEATHER
LUCKILY WITHOUT MOTHER
WHY HE LOVED HER
SAYING A LOT
SHEEK
FATHER'S JOB
HER FUTURE
GOVERNMENT
INSPECTOR

FRIEND OR FOE
WILLING HANDS
IN AND OUT
ENCOURAGING
BUSY DAY
SONNY'S AMBITION
BEATS ME
HOMELESS
RULING US
TOO LONG
WHAT IS TROUBLE?

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the first three "bullet" Prizes in Competition No. 649 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 649.

**PLOT THAT FAILED
IN PICCADILLY
WHEN IT'S RAINING
BRIGHT SPOT
WITH A GRIN
TOO ENJOY
WHAT SHE CRIES FOR
DESERTED
CAREFUL DRIVER
WHAT THE BLACKMAILER SAID
SORRY HE STARTED
A WEED
HANDY
HER RETORT
OUT OF THE HAT
MIXED UP
DISCREETLY
AFTER HER HOLIDAY
ALL THE YEAR ROUND
SPEECHLESS
OTHER PEOPLE
HOW HE GOT THERE
GIVING IT UP
EVERLASTING
GUIDING STAR
CHEATING
SAID TO THE CHEMIST
AFTER LUNCH
IN OUR VILLAGE
HER DAUGHTER
PENILESS
WHAT IS SUMMER?**

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.
 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
 3. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
 4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.
- Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

THERE is nothing difficult about *Bullets*. All you have to do is this: Select any of the *Bullets* below—then give any TWO, THREE, or FOUR words with some bearing upon it. Three recent *Bullets* Prize winners were—

Example:—ARMAMENTS RACE

Example:—YOUNG ENGLAND

Example:—MAKING THINGS DIFFICULT

Bullet: "ARREST" "DON'T" "RUN IN."

Bullet: "OUR HOPE" "WHAT'S" "EITHER?"

Bullet: "FOREIGNERS" "MAKING THINGS" "EASIER."

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6D. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

Address Coupons:—"Bullets" No. 649, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 8.

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(649) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 8.

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(649) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 8.

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(649) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 8.

Bullet _____

Example _____

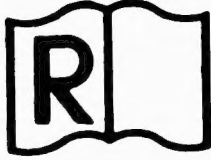
Bullet _____

(649) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

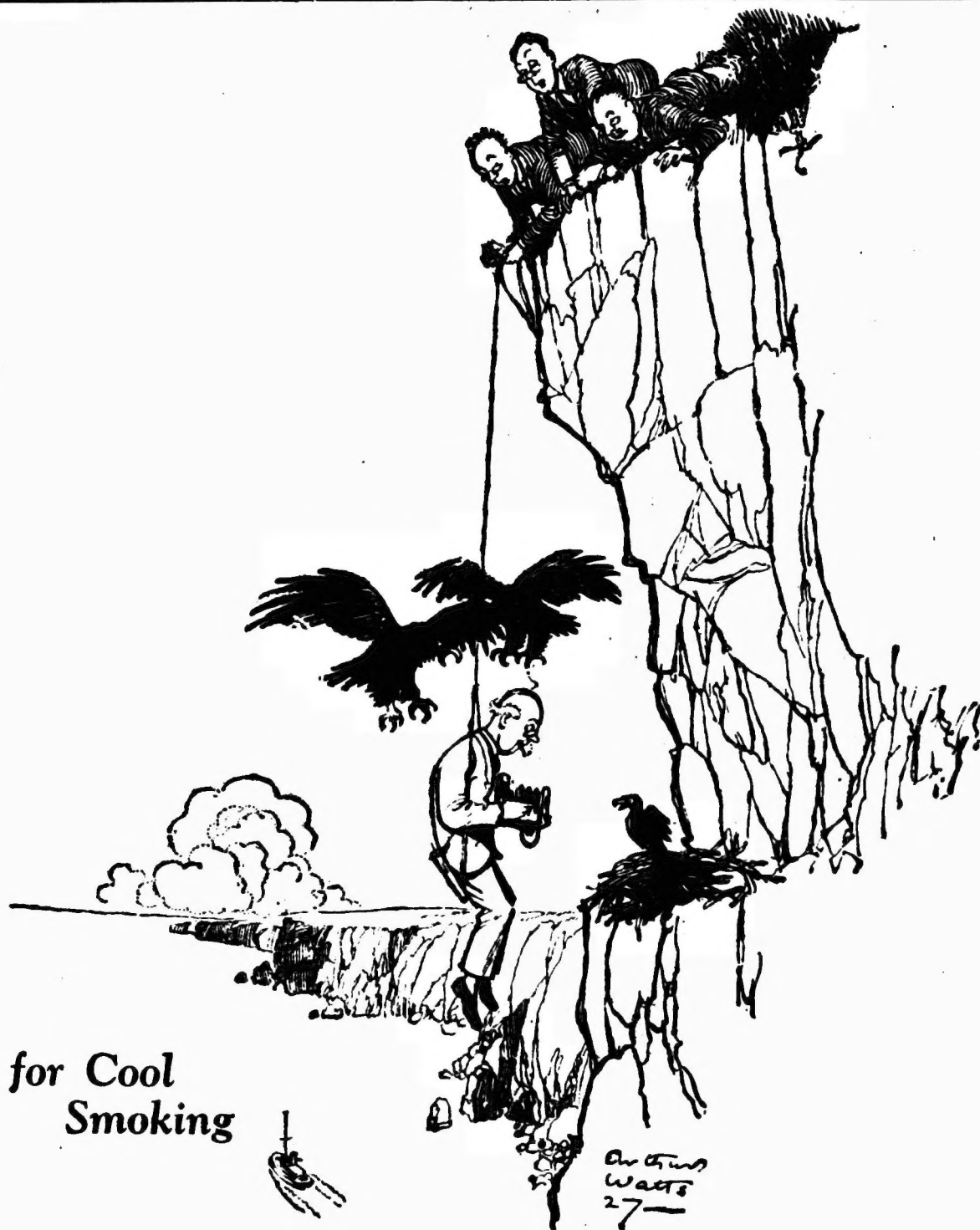
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper. The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 646 will be exhibited at Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's Book-stall, Fife, Yorks.

Next Week **TWO FIRSTS OF £1,000 EACH**



PLAYER'S MEDIUM NAVY CUT CIGARETTES WITH OR WITHOUT CORK TIPS.



for Cool
Smoking



PLAYER'S

Navy Cut

CIGARETTES

10 for 6d.

50 for 2/5

20 for 11½d.

100 for 4/8



NOC 149